ORIES, NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER. READ "LORD ROTHLEY'S BRIDE."
D "A TANGLED WEDDING JOURNEY," BY ALVAH MILTON KERR. LAUGH!
D "IMELDA ARDEN'S CRIME," BY J. M. MERRILL. YOU WILL SIT UP

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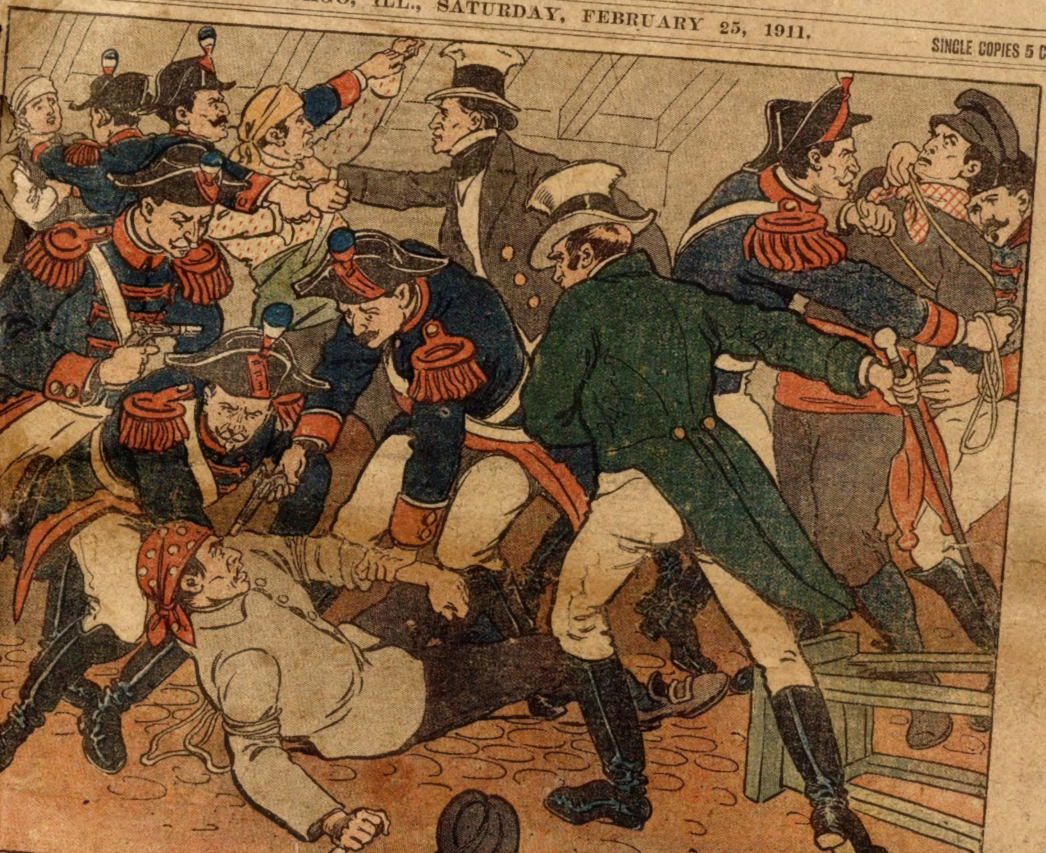

Great Cases of the World's Greatest Detectives

By GEORGE BARTON

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I.

ugene Francois Vidocq, who has called the Father of Detectives, born at Arras, July 23, 1775, the son baker. He became in turn an acro- with a traveling circus, a soldier in French army, a vagabond, a forger a convict. He was sent to the gal- for eight years but escaped and d a band of highwaymen. He d state's evidence on some of his anions and in 1812 was made chief e secret police of Paris, exemplify- he phrase "Set a thief to catch a " He was remarkably successful finally lost his place in 1825. He d a private detective agency and published four volumes of his oirs. He died in poverty in 1857.)

HENRY, the prefect of the Paris police, sat at his desk in his private office, his face a picture of perplexity. He picked up a paper that lay before him and read it carefully for the third time. It was ial report of a desperate rob- at had occurred in the heart of ench capital the night before. r, it was one of many similar There had been an epidemic ries and the police seemed power- op them. M. Henry summoned M. famed as a cross-examiner of , and M. Parisot, the governor of prisons, and the three men talked long and earnestly but without coming to any conclusion. Presently a look of gratification overspread the countenance of M. Henry. He turned to his colleagues.

"Gentlemen, I have it."

"What is it?" they called in chorus.

"Be seated," he responded, "and wait."

They did as they were bid and the prefect touched a button. A messenger responded.

"Tell Vidocq to come here at once," said M. Henry.

In a few minutes the door opened and a strong, well-built man with square shoulders shambled into the room. He had gray hair, a thick nose, blue eyes, a smooth face and a perpetual smile. He glanced about him in a furtive way and realized that he was in the presence of the triumvirate of talent that ruled the underworld of Paris. He squared himself as a man would who was preparing to be on the defensive. But the first words of the prefect reassured him. "Vidocq, we need your assistance."

The man bowed low.

"M. Henry, I am at your service absolutely."

The prefect handed him the report.

"Take that and read it carefully. It is one of many. The criminals are having a carnival. I want you to capture this gang. My regular police have failed. They bring me only excuses; I wish you to bring me the prisoners."

Vidocq smiled that everlasting smile and bowed again.

"It shall be as you wish, M. Henry."

He left the room with three batteries of sharp eyes leveled at him.

M. Bertaux shrugged his shoulders.

"A quack doctor sent to capture burglars."

M. Parisot spread out his hands in disgust.

"A showman's clown, a petty thief on the detective force."

M. Henry smiled blandly.

"Gentlemen, you are not alone in your disapproval. Do you see these papers," pointing to a high pile on the side of his desk, "these are all protests and complaints against the employment of Vidocq. Some are from honest men; some from thieves. But he shall have his chance. His past is behind him; his future in his own hands. I shall judge him solely by results."

II.

Vidocq spent all morning in going over the reports that had been placed in his hands. After that he returned to his lodgings, and throwing himself on the bed lay awake all night devising a plan of campaign. When daylight arrived it was completely blocked out in his mind—not a detail was overlooked.

The first step was to discard his own personality and take up that of another. It would have to be a thief. The honor of being impersonated fell to one Germain, alias "the Captain." He was a fugitive galley slave. Vidocq had known him in the days—well detective. Germain had dark brown hair, that of Vidocq was light; he was thin, Vidocq was stout; his complexion was sallow, that of Vidocq was clear. But the resourceful detective overcame all of these obstacles. Days were employed in perfecting the likeness. First he attained a seven days' growth of beard. Then he dyed his hair and beard black. By the generous use of white walnut liquor he attained a most unhealthy complexion. The original was a snuff fiend. Vidocq garnished his upper lip with a mixture of coffee grounds and gum arabic. He made blisters on his feet by rubbing in a composition with which he was familiar. He made the marks of the fetters on his ankles, and dressing himself in a suitable garb was ready for his enterprise.

After that he became a regular frequenter of the thieves' dens of Paris. He drank cheap gin, tossed off absinthe, cursed the police, showed the marks of the irons on his legs and altogether made himself a general favorite. Night after night he visited a cheap concert hall in the Faubourg St. Germain, where he met most of the disreputable characters of the French metropolis. He became very friendly with most of them and made them drink his health in sundry glasses of bad wine. The resort was a veritable clearing house for the gossip of the underworld. A man or a woman who had not "served time" was out of place in that

Vidocq told of his experience with great vividness and with a degree of exaggeration that would have won a medal from the Ananias Club.

Among so many little thieves there was one big chief. His name was Constantine, a former fencing master, who, having run the gamut of dissipation, had now reached the closing stages of crime in his ill-spent life. His companions looked upon him as a man of enterprise—bold in execution and on all occasions possessing the most unblushing effrontery. The attention of the police had been directed to him more than once, but they had never been able to secure the least scintilla of evidence against the man.

Vidocq, knowing this, moved cautiously. He knew that a misstep might mean his own life, for he was in the midst of desperate characters who thought nothing of murder. He put on a sad face, bemoaned his own fate and bewailed the fact that he had no means of recouping his fallen fortunes. He became friendly with one of the intimates of Constantine, and that worthy, being plied with liquor, gave the detective full particulars of the habits of the big thief. They passed the night together, and before morning Vidocq knew all about the haunts of Constantine.

On the following day he again met his voluble informant in the dance hall on the Faubourg St. Germain. He was quite excited.

"Would you like to meet Constantine?" he asked Vidocq.

"Most assuredly!" replied the detective.

They remained in conversation for some time. Presently the door opened and a smart-looking fellow came in. Vidocq's companion plucked at his sleeve.

The detective looked up and saw a neatly dressed man of 30, with good broad shoulders. He was about five feet six inches high, extremely good looking, fine black hair and regular teeth. Vidocq only waited long enough to be seated when he went up to him carelessly and said:

"Would you kindly oblige me with a little tobacco from your box?"

The famous thief looked the detective over from head to foot before replying. After an embarrassing interval Constantine passed his tobacco box to Vidocq. Then he said abruptly:

"You have been in the army?"

The detective could have fallen to the floor. Had all of his carefully contrived disguise counted for nothing? Did Constantine know who he was? In any event it would serve his interest to answer the question truthfully. So with pretended nonchalance he said:

"Why, yes; how did you know it?"

"Simply because no man can conceal it. Once in the army you carry the badge of it with you through life, in your walk, in your shoulders, in your talk, in your manners."

Vidocq laughed uproariously, as if he considered this a good joke, and in the confusion invited his new-found friend to take a drink. He accepted, and in the course of their conversation the detective was delighted to find that the other had not penetrated his disguise.

"I like you," finally cried Constantine, "and I want you to take dinner with some friends of mine."

That night Vidocq dined with a party of charming cracksmen, every one of them noted in his profession. Constantine was the chief, Joubert his able lieutenant, and the others faithful followers. The wine flowed freely and the best of feeling prevailed. One of the company said facetiously that he had just come into a fortune and was celebrating the event. As a matter of fact he had "cracked a crib" the night before and was spending part of his ill-gotten wealth. Constantine, turning to Vidocq, said:

"How's your nerve?"

"Fine."

"Are you in for an adventure?"

"Surely. With whom?"

"With the locksmith's daughter."

Vidocq made a grimace as if mocking and said:

"I don't believe I ever had the honor of the lady's acquaintance."

All hands laughed loudly at this sally. Constantine put his hands down into his pocket and produced a big brass key. He handed it gravely to the detective.

"Permit me to present you to the minx."

Vidocq, keeping up the spirit of the thing, bowed gravely, acknowledging the introduction and inquired when he would have the pleasure of going out with the lady.

"It might be tonight," he said grumbling, "if it were not for that infernal Vidocq."

The detective pricked up his ears at the mention of his own name. He preserved the gravity of his countenance, however, as he remarked carelessly:

"Oh, I don't mind him if I can keep clear of the informers. They tell me Paris swarms with the parasites."

"That's true," said Constantine, "but if you can keep Vidocq from guessing at your business you are safe enough with me. As for these informers, I don't fear them. I can smell those beggars as easily as a crow scents powder."

"Well," said Vidocq, "I cannot boast of so much penetration, yet I think, too, that from the frequent descriptions I have heard of this Vidocq his features are so well engraved in my recollection that I should pretty soon recognize him if I came unexpectedly in his way."

"God bless you!" cried Constantine, "it is easy to perceive you are a stranger to the vagabond; just imagine, now, that he is never to be seen twice in the same dress; that he is in the morning perhaps just such another looking person as you; well, the next hour so altered that his own brother could not recognize him, and by the evening I defy any man to remember ever having seen him before. Only yesterday I met him disguised in a manner that would have deceived any eye but mine, but he must be a deep hand if he gets over me. I know these sneaks at the first glance, and if my friends were as knowing as myself his business would have been done long ago."

"Nonsense," cried Vidocq; "everybody says the same thing of him, and yet you see there is no getting rid of him."

Constantine was on his feet at once, with an oath. He cried out:

"To prove that I can act as well as talk, if you will lend me a helping hand, this very evening we will waylay him at his door, and I'll warrant we'll settle the job, so as to keep him from giving any of us further uneasiness."

Vidocq immediately agreed, and was placed in the unique position of going out with a party of thieves to waylay himself. They actually went to the home of the detective, but as may be imagined he did not appear, and after three hours of waiting they gave up the vigil in disgust.

Many days had passed and still Vidocq was without the specific evidence which would enable him to put his hand on the shoulder of Constantine and say "Thou art the man!" Of one thing he was morally certain: It was that the erstwhile fencing master was at the head of a band of resourceful and unscrupulous thieves. One night after a jollification at the dance hall the crisis came.

"Friend," said Constantine with a leer, "do you feel like an adventure tonight?"

"With whom?" asked Vidocq.

"With my lady love—the locksmith's daughter."

"I'll join you with all my heart!" exclaimed the detective in undisguised sincerity.

The plot was revealed with great attention to details. The cracksmen had been "spotting" the mansion of a wealthy banker on one of the boulevards of Paris. Through the treachery of a housemaid, who has been smitten with the charms of Constantine, the gang had been provided with the key which would admit them into the garden of the house. Vidocq listened very attentively and occasionally answered in monosyllables. He was careful not to say anything which would expose him to the reproach of having caused them to commit crime.

"Midnight is the hour," said Constantine, "and I want every man to do his duty."

There were six in the party—including Vidocq. Each of the cracksmen was assigned to his part in the enterprise. Constantine was in command and Joubert was chief of staff. Vidocq was to be lifted into a ground-floor window, but the detective demurred to this particular assignment on the plea that he was as yet only a novice.

"He has a weak stomach," sneered Joubert; "he will never make a good cracksman."

Constantine hotly repelled the insinuation. He put his hand on Vidocq's shoulder affectionately and said:

"When this boy has had a little more experience he will beat you all in the business."

Vidocq smiled in a sickly way at this unexpected if dubious compliment. It seemed a shame to deceive such a big-hearted scoundrel. But then business was business, and it was too late to turn back now. It was finally arranged that Vidocq should remain on the outside of the garden wall and give the alarm if the police should come in sight. It was now within an hour of the time when they should sally forth on their unlawful mission.

"Come, boys," cried Constantine, "a drink all around and then we'll get down to business."

On the plea of searching for his hat and coat Vidocq contrived to separate himself from the others for a few minutes. He wrote a hurried message on the back of an old envelope, and finding a gendarme in the vicinity of the restaurant dispatched him with the note to the nearest prefecture. It was to the point. It told of the place of rendezvous and added:

"Have half a dozen men on the spot. Frighten the cracksmen, but make no arrests until they have been driven to a place of refuge."

When Vidocq returned to the table his unsuspecting confederates were preparing to leave. Their final toast was "Success," drunk standing and in silence. Under the exhilarating influence of their liquor they had scarcely noticed the momentary absence of the detective. Once on the outside they hurried along rapidly, choosing the narrow and less frequented thoroughfares. In about twenty minutes they reached their destination. Constantine halted, and putting his hand in his hip pocket pulled out a glistening revolver, which he examined carefully. Vidocq was not a cowardly man, but the resolute manner in which the chief thief scrutinized his weapon sent a cold shiver down his spinal column. Constantine then gathered his men about him and distributed a half dozen black masks, which they adjusted with the ease that comes from long practice. After that the chief advanced to the [illegible] h his brass key—the famous locksm[illegible] daughter. To his [illegible] He fumbled

"Blast the girl!" he muttered. "She's permitted them to bolt the door from the inside."

"Perhaps she's peached," whispered Vidocq insinuatingly.

"She wouldn't dare," cried Constantine, showing his teeth. "She knows me and she knows that I would kill an informer."

Once again that cold shiver ran up and down Vidocq's spinal column. But it was merely a fleeting emotion. He had nerve in plenty and to spare.

"Boys," called the chief, "we've got to jump the wall and get down to business. We can't afford to fool around all night. Here you"—to the detective—"give us a hand."

Vidocq planted himself against the wall of the garden and, holding out his two hands, boosted the cracksmen over the wall one at a time. Constantine was the last one up. He held his hand down to Vidocq and assisted him to the top of the stone coping.

"Now, Germain," said Constantine to the detective, "you get in the shadow near the end of the wall and keep a sharp lookout. If you see the police, give a low whistle. Be on the alert, because everything depends on you."

Vidocq nodded his head.

"Yes," he repeated significantly, "everything depends on me."

Two of the men had dark-lanterns. Slowly, cautiously, they felt their way toward the house. Constantine carried a complete burglar's kit. He got to work immediately.

Vidocq on the wall watched the operation intently. What a unique position! He felt like an umpire for society at that moment. The thieves on one side of the wall, the officers of the law on the other. And himself in the middle. Truly everything depended on him.

"Tick, tick, tick," came the low, sharp sound of the metallic instrument.

Finally the shutter was forced. After that a pane of glass was cut, and then nothing stood between the burglars and their booty. Five minutes, ten minutes they worked there industriously. Everything was done with business-like precision. Four stout bags stood with yawning mouths ready to receive the swag.

Vidocq looked on the outside of the wall. The streets were deserted. Not a soul was in sight. Had his note miscarried? Would the police fail him? It looked that way. What a predicament for a sleuth! To be the confederate of thieves! If one of his many enemies should catch him in such a position he might have a hard time explaining to M. Henry. Presently a measured tread was heard on the hard sidewalk. His heart bounded. It was a squad of police. He leaned over and whispered:

"Hist!"

A captain of police approached.

"It is I—Vidocq," called the detective in a subdued voice. "I will give the alarm, but I wish you to let them go their way. Two of them are armed. Presently come to my old lodgings."

The captain saluted and with his men sought shelter. At the same moment Vidocq gave a low, prolonged whistle. Instantly there was a commotion within. Bags were grabbed up and all scampered toward the wall.

"It's the police," whispered Vidocq; "come quickly and you may escape."

They unbolted the gate and hurried out. Vidocq joined them.

"Where are the police?" whispered Constantine.

"They've gone the other way," said Vidocq. "If we're careful we can elude them."

They hurried along for a few blocks. The detective turned to the chief cracksman:

"It's dangerous to go through the streets with these bags. Here's my old lodgings. Let's creep in here for shelter?"

"Can you get in?" asked Constantine.

"Sure," replied Vidocq. "I have my key and I know the room's vacant."

Silently they crept inside, one at a time, and closed the door behind them. Constantine slapped Vidocq on the back.

"You're a brick, Germain. I told you he'd distinguish himself, boys."

"What do you call this place?" asked Joubert, looking around him.

"I call it the mousetrap," said Vidocq, with a leer.

The cracksmen laughed loudly at this sally.

The swag was poured out on the table and the enterprising gentlemen were soon engaged in dividing their rich haul. Constantine and Joubert, the only ones who possessed weapons, laid their pistols on a chair. Slyly Vidocq picked them up and secreted them under a mattress. In the midst of the exultation a loud knocking was heard at the door. The thieves looked at one another with pale faces. Vidocq crawled under the bed, unobserved. No sooner was he out of sight than the door was burst open and a swarm of inspectors and policemen entered the room. In the twinkling of an eye five pairs of handcuffs were shoved onto the wrists of the cracksmen and they were being marched to the nearest police station.

III.

It was New Year's Day at the prefecture of police. M. Henry, following a long established custom, was holding his annual reception. The room was crowded and all of the officers of the police, high and low, were there to present their chief with the compliments of the season. M. Bertaux, the cross-examiner of criminals, and M. Parisot, the governor of prisons, were in the line receiving with M. Henry. During a lull in the crowd the three men drifted into a conversation concerning crime.

"By the by, M. Henry," said M. Bertaux, "what has become of the fellow Vidocq?"

"I really do not know," said the prefect gravely.

"What!" exclaimed the other, "not know!"

"No," was the response. "I have not seen him since the day I called him in in your presence and delegated him to break up the burglaries that have disgraced the police system of the city."

"And the burglaries," continued the other tauntingly, "they have continued?"

M. Henry nodded.

"And Vidocq—he has disappeared?"

The prefect nodded again.

M. Bertaux burst into an ironical laugh. "M. Henry, you have been deceived; taken in; hoodwinked."

The prefect shook his head.

At that moment a great commotio heard on the outside. An attendan summoned.

"What is the confusion?"

"All of the valuables stolen from the banker's house in the Champs Elysees have been recovered."

"Good," retorted M. Henry; "but is that all?"

"No. Vidocq is outside demanding admittance. He has no card."

"Admit him!" snapped the prefect. A moment later five men handcuffed entered the room. Bringing up the rear was Vidocq. The first prisoner was Constantine, the other Joubert and his companions. Vidocq made a profound bow and, [illegible] his perpetual smile, pointed to the cur[illegible] culprits.

"M. Henry, I wish you the compliments of the season, and as a New Year's gift present to you the redoubtable Constantine and his fellow cracksmen."

(Next week: "Chief Wilkie and the Gold Certificates." Be sure and read it.)

Affluence.

Kind Lady—How did you los my poor man?

Handout Hal—I was with a circ to carry water fer de elephant an a raise in salary and now he won anything but pop.

How to Stop Pim

In Five Days You Can Get Rid Eruptions by the New C Sulphide Wafers.

Trial Package To Prove It

Any man or woman gets a going around with a pimply fa day. And other people get too, seeing them go around w of disgusting pimples.

If you are one of the unfo can't get away from your pim have tried almost everything to get rid of them, take a fe Calcium Wafers every day. ily for a few days, and in less look at yourself in the mirror.

You will then say that Stu Wafers are a wonder in gett eruptions.

These wonderful little wo the most effective blood puri covered, calcium sulphide.

No matter what you troub pimples, blotches, blackheads eczema or scabby crusts, you depend upon Stuart's Calciu never-failing.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers ha in three days and the worst diseases in a week. Every purity is driven out of you pletely, never to return, a without deranging your s slightest.

Most treatments for the skin eruptions are miserabl results, and besides, many poisonous. Stuart's Calciu tain no poison or drug of are absolutely harmless, a which cannot fail to surpris

Don't go around with a gusting mass of pimples an your face. A face covered disgusting things makes p from you, and breeds fail work. Stop it. Read wha said when he woke up o found he had a new face:

"By George, I never saw There I've been for three get rid of pimples and guess I used everything used your Calcium Wafer days. This morning ever is gone and I can't find could write you a volume so grateful to you."

Just send us your nam full today, and we will package of Stuart's Calc to test. After you have and been convinced that you will go to your nea get a 50c box and be fre trouble. They are in ta trouble whatever to tak your work as usual, an cured and happy.

Send us your name and we will at once s sample package free. A Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., M

His Maiden

"Yes," said the pal smoker, "I still have th made."

"Kept it as a souven traveling man.

"Not exactly," replied just returning from a of three years. "It w work I couldn't p

Women Appreciate

Step-savers and Time-savers

Post Toasties

FOOD

is fully cooked, ready to serve direct from the package with cream or milk, and is a deliciously good part of any meal.

A trial package usually establishes it as a favorite breakfast cereal.

"The Memory Lingers"

RIFT ON AN ICEBERG;

Or, THE ARCTIC WARRIORS

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

right 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.] n No. 2, Jan. 14. Subscriptions gin with that issue, or back copies obtained from news stands, or our , or by mail from office of publica-

CHAPTER XIX.

A BRAIN ADRIFT.

CONDITIONS were decidedly against Ruel Taylor in that dangerous crawl. The ice-tunnel was perfectly straight, with nothing to screen him as he moved. It was in shadow, but a mid-way guard would surely m, while, if no such person was his movements made some inevit- unds.

he while he was drawing nearer to llow blaze, and if he reached a point ts light fell upon him he would be en to discovery.

ing the peril he held stubbornly to . Something must be learned of the party if it were possible.

e advanced yet closer he redoubled e. Hands and feet were lifted and d with extreme caution, the mate permitting the continued quiet to n into reckless action. Presently he d the farther end of the tunnel, and, the last yard with catlike lightness, down and looked.

a chamber of limited extent and kmanship, unskillfully hollowed ectly finished, with a scarcity of that was in strong contrast to in the Drake refuge, and the Sea Pilot was there, too. Re- the strong fire they at first ap- be sleeping without exception, ht fell upon many a face he well

nker lay at the rear, elevated a rude bed with logs as a is muscular form was wrapped , but his swarthy, evil face was d Ruel noticed that his lips were ealing his long, cruel-looking ay that was not pleasant to be- was the front of the long trou- eberg, and Minker pictured all

rvey of the leader Ruel sought y else. It had long been a mys- ad become of Peter Smith and gg, the two friendly members of and he wanted to learn. His gaze to every face that was turned to but he discovered neither man. ld not be sure that they were not he others present.

d as was the supply of furnishings, appear to be an abode of poverty. were generally in good condi- the odor of food was til there. hat he had seen all that was of was about to turn back when men stirred, groaned and turned ward the fire. Then Ruel made a

swollen, discolored flesh of the man of one of the troubles of the sea was aboard the refuge.

zing showed that more than he No one seemed to be in ex- the disease was one to appeal ariners, and something like pity upon the spy. Perhaps some of the ones were far from evil, and they need.

few minutes Ruel turned and be- retreat. His caution remained as ever, and he made his way out discovery. Shortly after he was ry Boxx again, and presently mov- rd Castle Columbus.

n Drake heard the report and fell ing his beard with a heavy hand.

y!" he muttered, after a long pause. s fellows were fools to raid us here. ber, now, that the cook said they vegetables, and it follows that they ad no lime-juice. The natural re- scurvy!"

have brought it on themselves!" Solon Wing. "Glad to know they ot it!"

us members of the crew echoed the of the second mate, but Drake sat and pulled at his beard for ten full s. Not a word passed his lips in that ut he finally aroused again and looked Ruel.

Taylor," he said simply, "I've fol- the sea ever since I was twelve years bin boy, fok'sle hand and officer. I've y mates die from wreck, from being away in a gale, from falls from and in various other ways. Such are the act of a power higher than and I've tried to be philosophic over scurvy—why, man, I can't even think t hideous disease without a shiver. New Bedford men are stricken with r yonder, and they will die unless ave vegetables or lime-juice."

nodded in silence.

ay be more kinds of a fool than any man living," pursued the skipper, "but see this thing go on. They are New d lads. Cook, how are we fixed for bles and lime-juice?"

nty of them, sir," replied Trott.

. Taylor, will you take a supply of and leave at the entrance to the Sea cave?"

that is your order, sir, yes."

l's acquiescence was half-drowned by orus of expostulation that rose from ew. They had fought Minker's men, had met with theft, violence and at- ed murder from that gang, and it en- them to consider another kindly aid eir rivals. For a while the excited s had their way and poured forth s in a flood, with the second mate ly emphatic, but Drake bided his op- nity and again had his say.

y lads," he reasoned, "we know that all t party are not bad. Peter Smith and Fogg we have had with us, and they there were others. The sick ones may decent as ourselves. Shall we punish in order to punish such knaves as er, Piper and the other rascals?"

vas a strong argument, but the op- n was not easily quieted. To return or evil was all well enough on land, they argued, but in the Arctic, with murderers like Minker to deal with, no! A good deal was said, for Drake aspired to have unity of opinion, and he did not claim his authority as captain, but the objectors were finally silenced, if not convinced.

The result was that a bag of provisions and a quantity of lime-juice were carried as planned to the entrance to Minker's den.

Before noon of the following day another rain set in, and it lasted forty-eight hours. The iceberg was pelted constantly and remorselessly, and the fall was so warm that slush and rivulets were nearly everywhere. When the sun again shone and the adventurers went aboard the whole face of the berg had undergone a great change. The peak known as Rear Guard had fallen into the sea, and all other hills were dwarfed in elevation, while the former level was far nearer salt water than before.

"The berg is falling to pieces," said Solon Wing gloomily.

"Considerable of it still left," Ruel replied.

"Anyhow, it's going fast, and a few more days will see the last of it. The part under water must be a mere brittle shell, and a heavy gale would break it up wholly. Then we shall all drown!"

"Nonsense! We have the boats belonging to our ship."

"I doubt if we can launch them without being stove in. We may as well give up hope."

With this the second mate sat down and buried his head in his hands. Drake had been silent. Now, after a long look at his disheartened officer, he walked over and laid a friendly hand upon his shoulder.

"Solon," he said quietly, "we are going home in the Dancing Peggy!"

Wing flung up his head violently.

"Towed by ptarmigans, bustards and plover?" he snapped wolfishly.

"You lack appreciation of a joke, my man," and the captain smiled indulgently. "I have tried to cheer all hands with my words about the fowl, and that's all. Never mind! We are going home in the Peggy, oil, men and everything else."

"How will you get her afloat, sir?" asked a foremast hand soberly.

"Nature will do it. She is sound, and the melting of the berg will gradually lower her until the salt water will join the fresh liquid she is in. Leave it to nature, my hearty."

"The berg will collapse like a boy's snowball in a hot sun!" groaned Solon, and he again hid his face.

It did not please Drake to have his second mate in such a state of fear and cowardice, and he tried to reason with him, but Wing was not to be encouraged. It was long before he took his head out of his hands again.

Ruel began to look at the problem of the ship with more interest. Was it possible to get the Peggy afloat? It was all very well to say that the gradual melting away of the berg was bound to drop the vessel into salt water, sooner or later; but the grim fact remained that she was likely to be stove in when she took the plunge, or so injured in her hull that she would sink like a sieve. He knew of no similar case to serve as a precedent, but he could not see more than one chance in a hundred for her to take to the sea without fatal calamity.

While he was studying the problem there was a strange interruption. Solon Wing, after a long period of moping, had disappeared, and without anybody noting his going. Now he suddenly came into view, and, held tightly in his arms, he had a plover that was struggling and crying out in alarm. The fowl was one of the many that had appeared north with warm weather, but it liked the company of human kind as little as they would have liked that of a hungry bear. The second mate held it fast and burst into the group of men with his eyes bulging largely.

"Get the lashings!" he cried shrilly. "It is time to be off! Pass me a line, and I'll make the bird fast to the bows. We will be off and away before the sea drowns us all!"

Some of the hands laughed, but others saw the speaker's face and eyes and held their peace. That face was alarming.

"What are you goin' to do, sir?" asked Jerry Boxx, with gravity.

"Lash the bird to the Peggy and let it bear us away. All hands, ahoy! We will bend the sails later, but first to use the bird. A line, I say; cast a line!"

Captain Drake gazed into the wild eyes before him and spoke gently.

"Solon, lad, what's wrong with you?"

"Everything is wrong now, for to stay here is to drown, but I won't have it so. The bird is our good genius. It was your own idea, captain. Hitch fowls to the Peggy and let them lift her. Here is the bird—one will be enough. A plover is masterful strong. Oh! we will float, float, float——"

He released a hand to illustrate, and the plover, finding the mate's hold relaxed, seized its chance, battled with frantic zeal, broke loose, took to wing and sailed away like a fluttering bullet.

Solon stopped, started, and then flung up both arms vehemently. This done he broke into frenzied words.

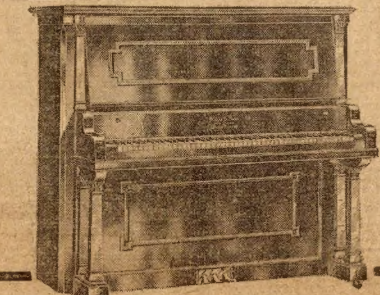
"Lost, lost!" he wailed. "It is gone, after all my trouble to capture it. 'Tis done, and it's the only fowl in the whole Arctic region. Sir, Captain Drake, you do not know the trouble I took to seize that bird. I pursued it for five weeks, crawling all the way on my hands and knees, so as not to be detected; and all that while I never tasted a morsel of food. At the end I met a walrus that kindly offered to help me out. I mounted his back and rode for a month longer, always chasing that plover. We passed by England, France, Spain and Portugal, and then back here again. Always chasing that plover. Now it's gone, and 'tis the only winged fowl north of the tropics. Gone, and we are lost!"

With a final screech he fell in a convulsion and lay a pitiful object on the ice.

Surprise was in every mind, for they had believed the recent down-hearted mood of the man nothing to call for second thought, but it came to them later that Solon had been moping for some time, and in poor spirits at the best.

Drake, acting with readiness and sympathy, had his officer picked up and conveyed to a bed, where he had the best medical treatment possible. He soon passed out of the convulsion and fell into an unconscious state. This was succeeded, after some hours, by a return of activity, but his mind seemed to be wholly adrift. Quiet and meek, he took to whimpering like a child and giving forth complaining words.

(Continued on page seven.)



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Or, The Trail of Vengeance

(A Story of the Panama Canal and a Long Chase Through South America)

By ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PURSUIT.

WHILE eating his meal Harkless entertained his hostess with news from the outside world, she telling him she had not left the estancia in six months, that is, since the birth of her baby at her mother's home in Buenos Aires. It was evident she was hungry for news, so he talked on and on. When he had answered all her questions and there seemed nothing more he could tell, he said smilingly:

"Do you know, senora, your life on the estancia is to me as interesting and amusing as life in the city is to you?"

"Can it be possible?" she cried in wonder, then added, "I should not be surprised though, all men seem to like it. My husband would rather live here than anywhere else," and she sighed.

Feeling he could now question her without suspicions, Harkless plied the young woman with questions until he had obtained from her the information he wanted; that is, that the week before a strange man, whose horse had died of a snake bite, had come to the estancia and asked for work, her husband hiring him because one of the regular gauchos had gone to the city on his annual drunk.

"What kind of a looking man was the stranger?" asked Harkless carelessly, in the manner of one questioning for mere conversation sake.

She described the stranger minutely, with that attention to details which people who live by themselves give to everything that breaks the routine of their daily life. From her description Harkless knew he had found the one for whom he was searching.

"Is the new cowboy here or is he out with the others on the range?" next asked Harkless.

"He has gone out with the boys," she answered simply. "We may not see him again in four weeks, maybe more."

At this moment the owner of the ranch entered and Harkless was introduced. The husband welcomed the stranger as cordially as had the wife, and soon all three were talking like old acquaintances, Senor Fonseca, as the rancher was called, taking pleasure in giving Harkless all the information he needed as to the location where his men were herding at the present time, Harkless having expressed the desire to see the men at work, saying he was traveling over the country to gather information for a book he intended writing.

"I would like to take you there myself," said his host, "but I have to meet a shipment of blooded stock. I recently purchased, from England. I expect a message any day and must remain at the house so as to be ready to leave at once for Buenos Aires."

"Will I go with you?" asked the woman eagerly.

"Certainly, amica," answered her husband.

Harkless was about to speak when a knock interrupted him. The rancher called "Come in." The door opened and Harkless could scarcely repress a cry of surprise as he saw Smith and Martin enter the room. Neither of the men was disguised, while Harkless was, having stained his face and hair dark and added a black mustache. He must trust to luck that this disguise be not penetrated before he made good his escape and warned Cabrenoza that his hiding place was discovered.

"Could you tell us to whom belongs the bay pony that lies dead a mile or so from here? It bears the brand of a horse for which we are looking," said Smith on entering.

Husband and wife exchanged anxious looks, while Harkless, rising, worked his way toward a side door without attracting attention; the detectives having seen at a glance that he had neither the height nor the build of the man they were looking for, had ceased to pay farther attention to him. He therefore was able to leave the room while the rancher was answering:

"I don't know what horse you can mean unless it be the one belonging to the man I hired last week. He told me his pony had died of a snake bite not very far from here."

"Describe the man," ordered Smith.

Fonseca obeyed, more and more anxious. When he had finished his detailed description, Smith said abruptly:

"He's the man we're after! We have a warrant for his arrest. He is an escaped murderer, having recently killed his wife in Rio."

"Santa Maria!" cried the young woman, crossing herself.

Half an hour later the rancher and the two detectives were on their way to the cowboy's camp, situated in the northern part of the estancia, while Harkless, three quarters of an hour ahead of them, was spurring his horse at full speed, determined to outwit Dioneza's messengers. It was night when Harkless reached the camp. The cattle, watched by the night herders, were grazing farther off, while the rest of the gauchos, having had their supper, were playing cards beside the camp fire. Betting was running high and reckless. Cabrenoza, more reckless than the rest, having drank more than usual, was betting the highest. Luck was against him, yet he stubbornly played on until, when Harkless reached the camp, he was risking his last gold piece on the turn of a card. Harkless, driving up like mad, leaped from his panting horse, joined the group, asking for the new cowboy. Cabrenozo, sobered in an instant by the terror caused by this arrival, leaped to his feet, gun in hand, ready to sell his life dearly.

"What do you want?" he asked hoarsely, his face showing white in the light of the fire.

"Senor Fonseca needs you," said Harkless aloud, then aside to Cabrenoza he added: "Choose the two fastest ponies in the bunch. Dioneza's men are on your track. I will aid you to escape."

For a second the abject terror held Cabrenoza speechless, the next he asked suspiciously:

"Who are you that you should thus want to aid me?"

"The father of the girl your son Carlos is to marry. For their sake you must be saved," answered Harkless, in the same low, hurried voice.

Cabrenoza believed him, and while Harkless was explaining to the other gauchos that the boss wanted the new cowboy to accompany him to Buenos Aires, Cabrenoza threw his saddle over the fleetest pony, and unsaddling Harkless' played-out pony saddled a fresh horse for him. Five minutes later the two men were off, spurring their horses to full speed. When Fonseca and the two detectives arrived the fugitives had been gone half an hour. Then followed through the pampas a mad pursuit, Dioneza's men offering a thousand dollars in gold to the man who would capture the fugitives. But they crossed into Bolivia without being captured.

At Sucre they sold their played out horses and bought fresh ones, continuing their mad flight to La Paz.

La Paz spreads along the inner side of a rocky amphitheater, a panorama of red roofs, blended with the blue and white of the buildings, church towers and parks of willow and eucalyptus trees. A splendid highway leads down to the city, which is fourteen thousand feet below the level of the great plain. Harkless and his companion kept their horses at full gallop down the winding, twisting road which leads to the city until the plaza was reached and Harkless heaved a sigh of relief. For almost three days there had been no signs which would indicate they were being followed, and in this city, noted for the international, therefore, mixed character of its society, they could better escape notice and could rest for a few days in comparative safety.

The morning after their arrival, Harkless had a talk with Cabrenoza, speaking frankly and to the point.

"Senor Cabrenoza," he said, "the time for an understanding has come. You know the reasons why I saved you, you will therefore understand that for the same reason I must have your promise to leave this continent never to return, losing your identity in some retired corner of Europe. I will aid you to make your escape from this country, then I shall see that your son serves you with a pension for the rest of your life, or rather, as long as you keep your part of the contract to remain hidden in the place we shall designate. Are you willing to accept these conditions?"

"How big will be the pension?" questioned Cabrenoza shrewdly before replying, guessing that Harkless was as much interested in his safety as he was himself, and that he would therefore be willing to furnish whatever income he, Cabrenoza, choose to demand.

Harkless understood his object, for he answered coldly:

"The pension will be small, just enough to allow you to live very modestly in some out of the way spot, where you will not be in danger of meeting tourists who might know you. Your son and I will treat you like a paroled prisoner. As long as you obey instructions you will be provided for, the minute you disobey you will be left to your own devises."

"How do you know my son will consent to treat me thus?"

Harkless smiled. "Your son loves my daughter, and I can give or refuse my consent to his marriage to her; that tells you that he will do what I say, even if his own common sense did not tell him it was the wisest plan. If we gave you too much money you would take trips to Monte Carlo or Paris, and in time you would be recognized, for, believe me, Dioneza is not a man to let his vengeance end with only one victim. As we can not trust your word we must arrange it so that you shall be forced to keep it."

The way these words were spoken told Cabrenoza there would be no change or hope of change as far as Harkless was concerned; still, he tried to resist, hoping that by his resistance he would gain a bigger income than the one the detective was determined he should have, so he said:

"And if I refuse to leave South America, if I insist on hiding here or in the United States, what then?"

"If you do I shall turn you over to Dioneza's men at the first opportunity, and they will see that you are promptly returned to Rio to face the consequence of your crime."

Cabrenoza shivered, yet said:

"You won't do that, for then you would make it impossible for your daughter to ever marry my son, whose name would be forever disgraced."

"My daughter, sir, is only eighteen, and this is her first love affair. Only in novels do we find those eternal loves which continue throughout life or kill by slow decline those who are unfortunate enough to feel them."

Though Harkless spoke thus, he felt that Adriana's love for Carlos was deeper than the passing fancy of a young girl's first love. Her letter to him and his sister-in-law's remarks on the love affair, had convinced him that both of the young people were experiencing the one real love of their lives. But Cabrenoza could not read these inward thoughts, and, frightened into submission, he said:

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"You hold the upper hand. When do we leave for Mollendo?"

"We do not go to Mollendo; we are going across country to Para, where you will take the first steamer for Europe."

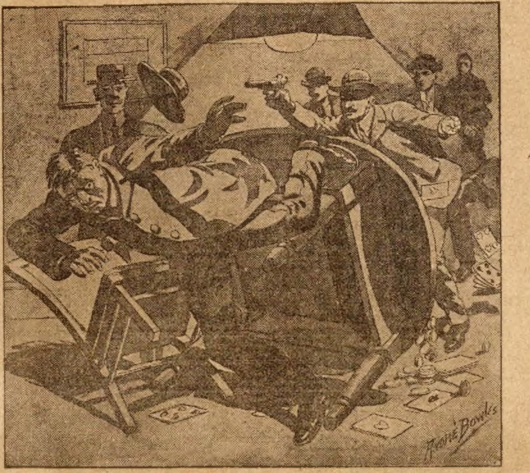
"Para, are you mad? Return to Brazil, where there is a price on my head?"

"That's just the reason why I have chosen Para. It will be less watched. By this time all the western ports must be watched, and you would be captured the minute you tried to leave the continent. I know the men who are following you, for I trained them myself, and I must admit they are now shrewder than their master. Para is the only safe port, and even there we will be taking desperate chances, but we must make a break somewhere."

Subdued by the detective's cold reasoning, Cabrenoza ceased to object, saying in utter discouragement:

"Do with me what you will; I see that I must yield to your judgment."

"That's better," said Harkless. "Now for my orders for the present. I leave tonight for Lake Titicaca, from which point I am to wire my daughter, who must be anxious about me. During my absence you must remain in close confinement in your room, pretending illness. Immediately on my return we shall leave for Para."



Cabrenoza leaped to his feet.

"I don't see why you need go to Lake Titicaca to wire your daughter. Why not wire from here?" asked Cabrenoza suspiciously.

"I know it, but a message from here to Panama, addressed either to my daughter or to my sister-in-law, might betray our presence in La Paz. I prefer not to risk it."

"I hadn't thought of that!" Then after a pause: "I suppose you know I am completely out of money?"

"I know it," answered Harkless. "I will see that all expenses are paid, and as you are not to leave your room, you will not need spending money."

Cabrenoza bit his lip in anger, but he realized that to struggle against the detective's iron will would be worse than useless, so he said no more. Harkless left that very night for Lake Titicacca from whence he wired Mrs. Williamson:

"Am all right. Don't worry if you don't hear from me for a long time. Wire here answer to my letter from Rio."

The reply came in due time:

"Love of a lifetime. Anxious to have you here. Young man wild over Rio story. Talks of going there."

To which telegram Harkless answered:

"Tell young man he must remain in Panama. Everything O. K. Letter will follow."

This answer sent, Harkless mailed a long letter to Carlos, then left for La Paz convinced more than ever that his daughter's love for Carlos was not a passing fancy and that he must, therefore, save the family name from disgrace. Two days after his return to La Paz he and Cabrenoza left the city and made across the country to Manaos, whence they took a river steamer down the Amazon to Para. If the pursuit continued, Harkless, skilled detective that he was, knew it not and thus was Para reaced in a very deceiving security.

Since he had taken charge of Cabrenoza, Harkless had treated him like a prisoner, watching him night and day, seeing that he never had extra money with which to make an attempt to escape his surveillance. Though Cabrenoza tried to rebel several times, the detective always managed to keep the upper hand, the prisoner becoming daily more sullen, more angry, ready to break into open rebellion any minute. Harkless saw this and did not lose a minute, when reaching Para, to prepare for the departure for Europe.

Leaving Cabrenoza at the hotel with instructions not to leave his room, Harkless the morning after reaching Para, went to reconnoitre the port and its surroundings to be sure that no suspicious characters were lurking around. When he would be sure that the coast was clear he would secure passage on the first outgoing steamer bound for France. Returning to the hotel an hour later, he found Cabrenoza gone. Anxiously he questioned the clerk, who told him that the man had left a few minutes after he did, asking to be directed to a pawnbroker's shop. Harkless, more anxious than ever, hastened to the shop indicated, and found that Cabrenoza had been there before him and that he had pawned his watch and a ring, which Harkless recognized as having belonged to the dead Anita. Something must be done at once and he must do it alone, as it would be too risky to apply to the local police for assistance, as they might recognize Cabrenoza for the man wanted in Rio.

By skillful inquiries at the station and at the steamship lines he was soon sure that Cabrenoza had not left the city by either of these means. Returning to the hotel, he was told that Cabrenoza had not yet come back. Then suddenly he remembered the man's passion for gambling and for drink. The place to look for him was in some gambling resort. At once he started making the rounds of the different places and the clubs where gambling was allowed. All of the afternoon and far into the night he worked without results, vainly trying to find some trace of the missing man, telephoning occasionally to the hotel to know if he had returned.

Toward midnight, as discouraged and greatly worried, Harkless was entering a fourth class gambling dive in the outskirts of the city, he was rewarded in his search. There, at a side table, his face flushed with excitement and drink, a pile before him, sat Cabrenoza playing like mad. Harkless was about to advance and make his presence known when he recognized Smith in one of the players at another table. In a flash he understood that Cabrenoza was discovered. To save him now he must himself remain unrecognized. Pulling his hat down over his eyes, he hid farther back in the corner near which he was standing, determined to wait and see what the other side did before interfering. He did not have long to wait; a few minutes later Martin and two local policemen entered the dive, and advancing to Cabrenoza, arrested him. Cabrenoza leaped to his feet, upsetting the table as he whipped out a gun ready to sell his life dearly, but he was already under cover of both Smith's and Martin's revolvers. Harkless thought quick and acted quick. Drawing out his own gun, he shot out the lights, then in the darkness and confusion which followed he ordered:

"Leap from the window!" at the same time he threw himself on the floor and seized Smith by the legs, bringing him to the ground. Several shots were fired in the dark, Martin calling for lights. When the lights finally came Cabrenoza was gone, and Harkless and his former assistants were left to face each other and the astonished and frightened witnesses of the startling scene which had occurred with such lightning-like rapidity that no one had had time to think or to act. Once more Cabrenoza had escaped Dioneza's vengeance.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAPTURED.

When Smith recognized his former chief he cried out with an oath:

"So it was you who was aiding Cabrenoza to escape us?"

"On the contrary," coldly answered Harkless. "I was bringing him back to Brazil when he escaped me this morning. I have hunted for him all day and had just located him when Martin came to arrest him."

"Wasn't it you who shot out the lights?" asked Smith suspiciously.

"Why should I when the man was in our power? But we're wasting time talking. Martin has already started pursuit!" finished Harkless, as, looking around, he saw that the younger detective had left the dive.

"You are right!" cried Smith, and the two men rushed from the room.

The search for the escaped man continued throughout the night without results. He had returned to the hotel where he was stopping with Harkless, had gone to room, saying he was tired and would go to bed, telling the clerk to notify his friend of his return. When the searching party went up to his room they found it empty. How Cabrenoza had left the hotel without being seen no one knew unless it be that he had gone down the back stairs through the servants quarters. Martin also was nowhere to be found.

Harkless, understanding that Cabrenoza's salvation depended on his remaining with Smith to superintend the pursuit, saw that at any cost he must regain his former assistant's confidence, so he explained his conduct at Rio by saying:

"When I was so unfortunate as to let the guilty man escape, while trying to save him from the mob, I swore to myself to recapture him if it took my last dollar. I managed to track him as far as La Paz, then, having no warrant or authority for his arrest, I pretended friendship, offered to assist him as far as Para, where I promised to aid him to take a steamer to Europe, my plan being to get him on Brazilian soil, then wire to Rio his whereabouts. He escaped me this morning, as I was about to carry out my plan."

If Smith did not believe the explanation he gave no sign and allowed Harkless to

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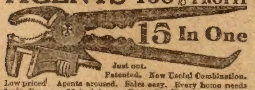

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follow the search with him. What worried the older detective most was Martin's absence. Was the young man on the right track while they searched uselessly here and there throughout the city? By noon the next day Smith got a penciled note from Martin, which the young man had sent by a half-breed. It read:

"Our man is hiding in the jungles along the Amazon. The bearer will lead you to the spot where I lost track of him. Organize a posse to make a hunt of the forests and jungles. He can't have gone far, for I believe I wounded him. Do not lose a minute."

Smith telegraphed Dioneza, who was still in Rio, then started to organize the party for the man hunt, Harkless joining eagerly in all the plans of his former assistant. His mind was made up. If the searching party succeeded in locating the missing man, he, Harkless, would shoot him down before he could be arrested, and that way save the name of Cabrenoza from disgrace, while putting the haunted man out of his misery. Dioneza's telegram came before the party was ready to start. It read:

'Spare no expense, but capture him alive. Instruct your men to spare his life at any cost. I leave immediately for Para. Will join you as soon as possible. Leave man behind from time to time to indicate road. Ten thousand dollars for you beside the reward if man is recaptured. Equal amount to Martin."

With these instructions the search began. Twenty-five miles out of Para they joined Martin, who was waiting for them, having already sent out twenty natives to search the swamps and jungles around the spot where Cabrenoza had disappeared. He was awaiting a report from the men as well as the re-inforcement which Smith was bringing from Para.

Meanwhile Cabrenoza, foot-sore, almost ill with fright and hunger, was working his way through swamps and jungles, facing the hidden dangers of these reptile and serpent infested regions with a bravery born of his desperate position. Whatever way he turned death seemed to await him, and of the two he preferred that of the jungles to that of the gallows. After he had out-distanced Martin, who had fired parting shots at him as he ordered the flying man to surrender, he hid in the jungle, trying to decide on his future course of action. He had no money, all that he had won that night lay scattered on the floor of the gambling dive. All he possessed was his gun, a dagger and a handful of cartridges. He saw he must have money if he ever hoped to escape, and the only one who could give him that money was his son. He calculated the distance that separated him from Panama, he thoroughly studied the hardships of that journey afoot with only the natural resources of the forest and mountain to support life. For a moment his heart failed him. He drew his revolver, brought it to his temple ready to fire the fatal shot which would end his misery forever, but love of life came to his rescue, his hand fell back to his side palsied; he had not the physical courage to die, he must therefore struggle to the end, even though that end be a death of shame. So, doggedly, with a determination born of his excessive cowardice, he began the hazardous feat of walking to Panama. There he knew he would get help. And following on his track, as dogged and as determined as he, the man hunters, traced step by step his passage through forest over mountain, awaiting further orders from Dioneza before they made the final arrest.

Carlos had endured, since the crime at Rio with which his father's name had been connected, all the tortures of hell. He knew that if the murderer was indeed his father, as he was sure he was, that, should he be recaptured, his name would be forever disgraced and Adriana could never be his. As his fear of losing her became greater his love for the girl increased. So his nights passed without sleep and his days were haunted with the ever pursuing thought of the coming heart-break and separation. But while awaiting that final separation which he knew he could not outlive, he spent as much of time as possible with the young girl, finding in the lovelight of her candid eyes both the torment and the happiness of his life. Every day she became dearer to him, every hour his love seemed to grow, and the minutes spent away from her seemed lost. Thus passed the days. From Lake Titicaca, Harkless had written him a long letter, admitting that Cabrenoza was indeed the Rio murderer, but adding that because of his daughter's love for him, he, Harkless, was going to try to save the father from the consequence of his crime, that he expected to be able to get Cabrenoza off to Europe before many days, and that for the present, at least, there was no immediate cause for worry. This letter came like a ray of light in the dark misery of the young man's soul, and for the next few days he was comparatively happy, Adriana rejoiced at his clearing brow without knowing the cause, Harkless having forbidden the young man to mention his letter to the girl, wishing her to ever remain in ignorance of his connection with the affair.

But as the days lengthened into weeks and Harkless did not write again, Carlos began to worry once more. Something must have happened to upset Harkless' plans, as it surely could not take them so long to reach Para, from which point the detective had stated he would take passage with Cabrenoza for Europe, where he would leave him in an out-of-the-way village in rural France. Once more Carlos' brow clouded and the fears of separation lulled to rest by Harkless' letter returned with redoubled force. It seemed that subconsciously he was sensing that relentless man-hunt then taking place through Brazilian forests and over snow-capped mountains. So passed the days.

It was a splendid moonlit night, all nature seemed at peace. Adriana and Carlos were out in the garden of the Essilva villa, talking of their love, while Mrs. Williamson and the young man's aunt were in the house, one talking of her husband who was away most of the time, the other of her two daughters who were spending a few weeks in Mexico with an aunt of their father's.

For some time Carlos had been silent, holding the girl's hand tenderly in his, when abruptly he asked, following aloud the course of his troubled thoughts:

"Have you heard from your father lately, Adriana?"

She started, awakened suddenly from the languor of her happy dream, which his near presence and the thrill of the pressure of his hand, had brought to her. She looked up and saw that his face was clouded and answering, she questioned:

"Not recently; but why are you so solemn?"

By a powerful effort he forced himself to smile down in the questioning eyes upturned to his, then he answered with assumed playfulness:

"I was thinking, and thinking makes me solemn."

"Of what were you thinking?" she asked.

"Of you and of the future," he replied with involuntary sadness, as the thought struck him that that future might separate them.

Adriana opened her lips to question further, but the sound of running footsteps down the path leading to the road caused her to look up. There, down the moonlit path, a wild-looking, ragged man was running like mad, his eyes, made large with terror, staring out of his livid face likes those of some wild animal at bay. With a muffled cry of terror the girl leaped to her feet, Carlos, who had also seen the man, jumped before her and protecting her with his body, thinking the advancing man was some escaped lunatic or some dangerous character maddened by drink. As he leaped forward, the man who was running toward the house, saw him, uttered a cry of relief and joy, and dropping on his knees before him, cried in piteous tones:

"Carlos, save me, save me!"

That voice struck the young man like a blow, for he thought he recognized his father's voice. Stooping, he gazed into the livid face upturned to his, trying to find a familiar line in those wild features, eager to make sure that his ears had deceived him, but sickness, fatigue and despair, had so aged and changed the face that it scarcely had a human look, the long hair and beard giving it an animal appearance.

"Don't you know me?" pleaded the man, as Carlos, undecided, looked on. "Don't you know your own father?"

"Your father?" cried Adriana, starting back in horror.

"You, my father?" repeated Carlos, stunned.

"Yes, yes!" cried Cabrenoza with increasing excitement. "But they will soon be here! I managed to escape them just outside the city. Hide me, don't let them capture me!" and, rising, the older man seized Carlos' arm in a convulsive hold while his eyes roamed in mad terror over the moonlit garden.

"Do you mean that you are being pursued? That you are in danger of capture?"

"Yes, yes! They have hunted me since I left Para, day by day they gained upon me until, after crossing the Andes and as I neared Panama, I lost track of them, but a while ago as I was entering the city I recognized one of them. He saw me, they will be here in a minute. In the name of your dead mother forget the past and save me!"

He spoke with such breathless rapidity that the words seemed run into one, yet Carlos understood, and all emotion leaving him now that his brain must act rapid and sure, he turned to Adriana, saying in stern authority:

"Remain here, and as you value your happiness, don't reveal his presence, no matter who asks you!" Then to Cabrenoza he ordered: "Come!"

But it was already too late, for as father and son turned to the house four men sprang with drawn guns from the neighboring shrubs, one calling in tones that brooked no disobedience:

"Halt!"

Cabrenoza and Carlos turned, while Adriana with a cry of terror sank half-fainting to the bench from which she had risen a few moments before. As Cabrenoza turned his eye fell on the one who had ordered them to halt, and he knew he was lost, as he recognized Dioneza. Carlos, less frightened than his father, advanced a few steps asking:

"What does this mean?"

"It means that that man is our prisoner! Smith, handcuff him, and you young man, don't try to object, for you are under cover of our guns!" answered Dioneza coldly.

Carlos looked about him, half a dozen revolvers were pointed at him, to resist would be worse than useless. If his father was to be saved now was not the time to make the attempt. Whispering to the older man, who clung desperately to his arm, he said:

"Fear not, I shall save you!" Then aloud, with assumed indifference: "I don't see why I should interfere, this man is a stranger to me. Do with him what you please."

Carlos' promise seemed to put life in Cabrenoza's worn out frame, and as he walked between Smith and Martin down the garden path, followed by the other men, no one would have thought that the prisoner was half dead with fright and with starvation. Hope, that blessed star which ever guides human destiny, had returned strength and vigor to the despairing man. He knew Carlos well enough to be sure he would not leave a stone unturned to keep his promise.

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ft on an Iceberg.

(Continued from page three.)

knew it would come to this," he said. tried all along to prevent it, and to ve the demon of his power. First, I an auger to scuttle the ship, but never chance. Then I set fire to the Peggy, g to burn the demon out, but failed more. Last of all I drugged the whole and would have gone to summon Tom r only Taylor awoke too soon. It is hard luck, but maybe the demon will our death easy."

, all this might have been the wan- g of a stricken mind, but it came to be ted fact that it was truth.

en the ship was caught in the ice Solon took it with great solemnity, and with n his heart that tortured him strongly. d not show his terror plainly, but it d that his mind early went wrong. He een the mystery and the mischief- r within their own crew, but he had nning of madness, and he had talked ch about Drake being deranged that d, for a time, brought others to be- what he craftily claimed.

attempt to burn the ship, and to give fuge over to Minker, could not be sat to malice, for he worked against his nterests in so doing, but it was great fortune that he had not accomplished sane purpose.

m that time he was a burden upon hers, but harmless, and like a child in edience. The mystery was solved.

CHAPTER XX.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

at had been most dreaded came to With the iceberg still adrift and so uth that she was found by Captain 's observations to be in latitude 45 es, with the sun pouring upon the and melting it to pieces, the wind sud- shifted into the northeast, increased y and perilously, and soon the berg riving before a gale.

nemberment had been rapid of late. portions had broken away and fallen he sea, often going with a thunder- oise, while the cracking, groaning and ing was almost constant. The berg o longer the vast object of old, and, yet, its stability had been dangerous- ened. Hard ice had been succeeded sh, and where nothing of that nature d the surface was in places semi- s, as if all vitality had been drawn t.

of the northeast came the wind, n with far less of cold than was ex- , and the sea drove mightily. Great s reared, tossed their hoary heads, l and thundered against the stern of rg, breaking with force that bade fair nd the whole into atoms. Sorely en, the bulk held its course, moaning, g, cracking, thundering, and often motion suggestive of what was most d—the possibility that the upheaval turn the berg over as one would turn nd.

twelve hours a new element of fear ed. Electricity sprang like a tiger e field of action, the heavens were by flashes that tore their way in the and in the succeeding thunder- the berg trembled as if in human

as night, and Captain Drake and Ruel r, equipped in oilskins, stood outside fuge. Both studied the sky frequent- l between whiles the skipper surveyed warfed shape of Castle Columbus.

worse storm I never saw," the elder dmitted.

returned an affirmative answer.

are paying for our past sultry er now, Mr. Taylor. I wish"—he l and glanced again at the Castle—"I knew our quarters were safe."

l not the ice hills stand longer than ng else?"

y should, and yet their very weight rag them down. Look at the situa- The base of the berg is undoubtedly with the action of the warm sea, he ice hills are far more compact. It ible that, with that gale beating upon they will sink into the porous base stone into the water?"

t's a startling idea, but I hardly we need worry over it. The larger ike Mount Washington, have stood p to this time. If the bottom ice was enough to let any hill sink, would heaviest drop first?"

haps, perhaps, but we can't rely up- thing. For half an hour I have been ering whether it is best to transfer ds to the Dancing Peggy. Then, if eak-up comes, there is a bare chance e might go adrift in the ship."

the Peggy is herself in danger——"

ope not, I hope not!" was the hasty "When we moored her stem and beam and beam, at the start of the I was confident that the cables would er in the middle of the pond, but I I am not so sure now. This wind is ul, and the ice to which she is fast ive way. If that happens, why, she ashore and make speedy wreck. I he old hooker will——"

captain stopped short as a new, stun- und rent the air. Neither man could t, but for a moment the whole earthly seemed to have been rent asunder. the ice rocked under their feet so ly that they barely saved themselves alling.

berg is collapsing!" cried the cap-

re Ruel could reply the rest of their came swarming out of the refuge. of men were mingled with the s of the girls, and all were clearly anic. One and all had the idea ad- by Drake, and they expected to be nto seething waters. The end was they believed.

the new sort of thunder died away, ll the berg stood. The water boiled it, it rocked cradle-like, but still it and gradually it recovered its former .

at was it?"

cry rose from all sides, but nobody nswer. The steadier minds fell back rake's theory that their foothold was to pieces, and Ruel determined to he could. He equipped himself with -staff acquired from the explorers' and began the ascent of the Castle.

s a climb not soon to be forgotten. was glassy and perilously slippery, and almost constantly the lightning flashed and the thunder boomed. To the one he was indebted for his only help, for the transient light enabled him to pick his way. Laboring, slipping and panting in the buffeting wind he finally gained the summit. Then he waited for the next flash. It came, and he swept the outward territory with anxious eyes. A theory had come to him, and the flash proved it correct.

The iceberg had split in two from north to south, each half torn from the other as if by a titanic cleaver. Its size was reduced correspondingly, and as Ruel improved the following flashes he made out up-rearing water where once had been solid berg.

It was almost impossible to keep his feet, and he was glad to turn back. Finding Drake again he made his report.

"I am not surprised," remarked the captain, "and I don't know that I think it such ill luck for us. Attacked by decay and storm as it has been, it was sure to be rent somewhere. It has come, and with no harm to us. On the whole it is not so very alarming."

"I have indicated the point of separation. Does it occur to you, sir, that Tom Minker's lair was on the other half?"

"Ha! I had not thought of that, but so it is. Well, well, I said truly when I pronounced it news far from worrisome. Our rivals may go their way on their separate fragment, and we'll bother no more about them. Gone, are they! Well, well!"

He had barely pronounced the last words when Dorothy ran forward and grasped his arm.

"Men are entering our refuge!" she cried feverishly. "Who is it? I was sure our crew were all here, but I saw a dozen men rushing in at our door. Oh! are we not all here, or are those men——"

Again the lightning flashed and Ruel raised a ringing call.

"Peggys, ahoy!—rally to me and save the ice chambers! Make the rush with me!"

He had taken two steps when a man broke forth from the gloom and accosted him.

"Don't fire!" came the voice. "I'm Peter Smith, and Zekiel Fogg is with me. We have given Minker the slip. Save your ship, for he has planned to raid it, and he's trying to board her now!"

Drake growled like an enraged bear. It flashed upon him that two blows were being struck, one against the chambers and the other against the ship. In this emergency a slower-witted man would have lost his nerve, but the skipper was equal to the occasion.

"Look to the refuge, Taylor!" he ordered. "I'll see to the Peggy. Men, divide and do your duty."

Ruel did not wait to see who followed. He plunged on toward the chambers, getting his pistol ready for use. He had the important post, and he knew it. If Minker once secured the weapons in the refuge he would have everything his own way. That misfortune must be prevented.

He was nearing the entrance when a grating sound on the hillside was followed by the avalanche-like dash of a part of the summit to the base. A yell of terror came quickly after, and then words were borne distinctly to his ears.

"Pilots, ahoy! Minker is caught! Bear away!"

Only a rod separated Ruel from the doorway when a man rushed off into the gloom, and others emerged from the opening at a run. A flash of lightning showed them to be interlopers, and the Peggys went at them with clubbed pistols. Somehow, nobody was disposed to fire, so no life was lost at that point. The raiders did not stay to fight. Clearly, their consuming ambition was to escape.

The lightning had shown Ruel that, with the raid so promptly interrupted, no weapons had been stolen, and, hearing a tumult near the ship, he thought it best to let the near-by fugitives go without pursuit. He shouted an order to that effect, and then posted Davy Weed with four of his mates to hold the refuge while he led the surplus men to Drake's help.

Events proved that he had not checked the pursuit as planned. Possibly his order was not heard by all, for, certain it is that, as the raiders scattered in different directions, a portion of the Peggys rushed after them. Later, as Ruel used his eyes in lulls, he saw the rival parties scrambling up hill and down, and grappling both on the level and on dizzy summits. This the lightning revealed, and it proved that the long-suffering Peggys were having their turn at last.

There had been fighting near the edge of the pond where the ship lay straining at her moorings, but, really, there was never danger of her being boarded. The water around her was so rough that it would be a risk of life to venture near her pitching hull.

Drake, however, had checked what was intended as a move in that direction, and he met with resistance, but when the mate bore down with reinforcements the Pilots fled.

Leaving a guard at that point, with Jerry Boxx in command, the officers moved back to the refuge. Arriving there they saw that a mass of ice lay close to the entrance, almost blocking the way, and Miah Long raised a hoarse cry.

"A man lies dead under it! The avalanche caught him!"

"The man is Tim Minker!" replied Peter Smith, soberly. "He has done his last evil deed. Crushed to death at the very door of the cave he schemed to raid! I call that retribution, sir. Captain Drake, don't think all the Pilots are rascals. I can tell you that some are all right, and, right here an' now, let me say, sir, that Zekiel Fogg and I beg leave to enlist under you. We should have left Minker long ago, but he suspected us, an' we have been prisoners in his subcave in the ice."

"You and your mate are welcome, Smith; decidedly welcome. From this hour you are members of my crew. By the way, what about that riot of scurvy in your quarters?"

"Everybody recovered, after you left supplies for the disease, sir. Even that kindness did not soften the hatred of Minker, an' his worst men stood by him."

"Are all your party on this half of the berg?"

"Oh! no, sir. More than half of Minker's crew were on the other part, and they are now driftin' away som'ers."

This was news that put matters on new footing. A minority of the enemy, without Minker, would surely do no great damage.

The remainder of that night was a wild, wretched time. They shivered to think of remaining in Castle Columbus, falling to

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GENTLE JABS.

Some tombstone inscriptions are too good to be true.

It is better to bend to the inevitable than to go broke.

A word of boost is better than ten lines of obituary.

Only constant practice will keep some men honest.

Anyway, the railroad engineer gets a run for his money.

How we delight to see a loafer get his tire punctured.

The girl with a dimple seems to look upon life as a joke.

If a girl isn't a good looker she might consult an oculist.

A man's idea of a smart man is one who never gets caught.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady—if it should prefer a brunette.

Young man, don't marry a grass widow and hope to live in clover.

The more money you have the more things will come your way.

Believe only half you hear—then proceed to forget two-thirds of that.

Some men worry for fear people will not find out how smart they are.

Experience is said to be the best teacher—yet Solomon had 700 wives.

It sometimes happens that in marrying a good cook a man gets a poor wife.

It's difficult for some women to decide between alimony and life insurance.

All men are born honest, but it requires constant practice to keep that way.

Do not put your happiness in cold storage. Let the world have the benefit of it.

The man who wants the earth can expect to have a lot of mud thrown at him.

The longer we live the more we realize what we might have done but didn't.

Many good opportunities grow where you wouldn't think of looking for them.

Money keeps a lot of people out of mischief by keeping them busy earning it.

You can't fool all of the people all the time, because they are as wise as you are.

The meanest man in a community usually attracts more attention than the best one.

How a married man doesn't enjoy listening to one side of a spoony telephonic conversation.

In the game of life it isn't so much the cards you hold as the way you play them that counts.

And many a man never realizes the value of his home until he has occasion to collect the fire insurance.

Some men would be brighter if they were to reflect more and some would reflect more if they were brighter.

No, Cordelia, an office seeker isn't a man who runs for a postoffice in order to mail his wife's letter to her mother.

pieces as it was, yet it was better than the storm-swept outer field; so they stayed there a part of the time while the lightning flashed and the thunder boomed its direful note. Meanwhile the berg reeled and rocked, and the end of all things earthly seemed at hand for the prisoners of the Arctic.

The disintegration of the mass went on steadily. Portions fell near the outer edge, dropping into the sea with a mighty splash and boom, and the water lashed the remaining part in fury.

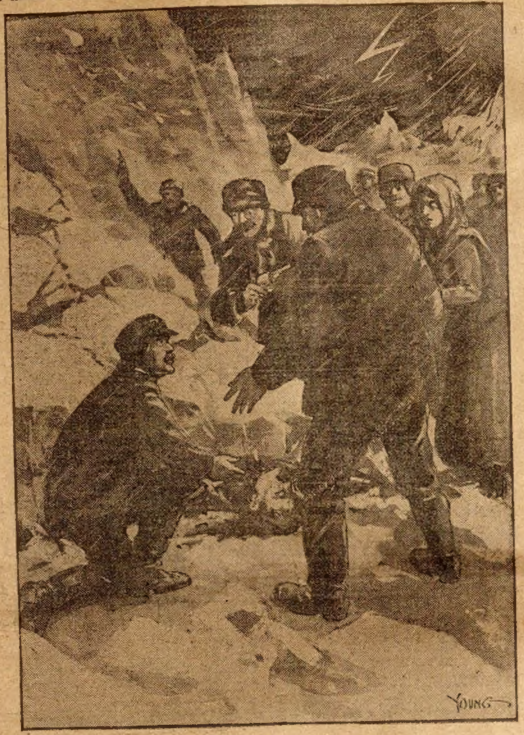
Toward morning the electric disturbance abated, falling away until it was no longer to be feared, but the berg grew more productive of alarm. Something new was afoot.

"What do you make of it, Taylor?" asked the skipper.

"Bergs sometimes take on rotary motions, sir, and it seems to me this is the case now."

"Just my theory."

"Rotary?" repeated Abram Wills. "That means, turnin' around like a wheel. Why, I've heard it said that when a berg does that it's dead sure to turn turtle soon after."



"He has done his last evil deed!"

"Stow your croak!" growled Miah. "No use to spread fresh alarms."

The mischief had been done, however, and the belief became general among the crew that the mass was presently to turn over and drown all hands. In this emergency Drake and Ruel remained outwardly cool, and Dorothy and Mary astonished even their father with their courage. Encouraging words were spoken freely, and all tried to present a brave face.

The gray morning was stealing into view when there was a sudden cracking like that of many rifles combined—a vast rending sound that beat violently upon the ears, and then came an appalling boom and the berg rocked like a cradle. Almost all of the party were thrown prostrate, and when they tried to rise they found it impossible for a time. When the rocking subsided a little they rushed to the open air.

Then came the most dreadful discovery of all.

The berg had again split in two, the other portion had, it seemed, sunk into the sea; and, fifty fathoms away, the Dancing Peggy was adrift in the salt water. Without a man on her deck, and with violent seas rolling between her and the berg, she was on her way alone, while the crew were left behind, deserted.

CHAPTER XXI.
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

"Lost, lost!"

The cry rose among the crew, but not with clearness. Voices were husky, and faces formerly bronzed were now white. From these faces bulging eyes looked outward to where the Dancing Peggy floated alone.

"She's gone adrift," somebody added, "an' without breakin' up. If we was there we would be saved, but look at that water betwixt us an' her! No boat can live there, an' she will soon foot it away beyond our sight. Lost! We shall stay here until the berg goes all to pieces, an' then be drowned!"

"For shame, for shame!" cried Dorothy spiritedly. "Why sound one cowardly word when the old hooker is afloat? We shall find some way to get to her. If the boats could live in that raging water——"

"Father," interrupted Mary, "say something! Plan for all!"

But Captain Drake was gazing outward like one far away. He did not look frightened, but, rather, like a man who grapples with weighty problems.

"The water will calm down!" declared Ruel. "It has not yet subsided fully after the upheaval caused by the breaking off of the smaller part of the berg. It will be less violent presently."

"But the ship is drifting away," reminded Mary.

Drake aroused and a confident smile broke out on his face.

"Don't you worry!" he exclaimed heartily. "All will be well. Take heed that we have a wind almost out of the north, while the Peggy is due south of us. She has drifted rather spry while the water lashed, but you will see a change. Of course, if she got the wind as this berg does, she's so much lighter in weight that she would speed away much faster, but that isn't the present condition. She is under the lee of our berg, and we blanket her, or, to put it into plainer words, we keep the wind away from her. She can't drift far before we will have her in hand. Ahoy, my hearties, bend your backs and get a boat to the drink. By that time the water will permit us to launch the craft."

Here was plain, practical information, and gloom gave place to joy. There was a general rush, and the sailors were so eager that Ruel had to stand over them to make sure their haste did not damage the boat.

It was borne to the water, which, as Drake had prophesied, was then less turbulent, though far from calm. Immediately after the boat, under command of the mate, was on its way to the ship. It was buffeted more than was agreeable, but they persevered, and, managing to keep it on a safe keel, finally reached the Peggy.

Those still on the ice cheered wildly, but Ruel let no time go to waste.

"Get below, carpenter!" he ordered briskly, "and make sure whether we are tight. Peter Barnes, drop the sounding rod in the well. Somebody tear off the battens and we will bring up the sails for bending. Lively now, my bullies!"

They ran about as lively as could be desired, and by the time that Davy and Peter had done their work the sails were coming on deck. The carpenter reported a dry bottom, while the rod had told the same tale.

"Don't know how it ever happened," said Peter, "but we seem to have slid off that ice without breakin' the old gal's ribs or skirts a bit. It must be that the ice simply sunk under her an' left her afloat, without a hurt. Oh! you bully old hooker, we'll love ye till we die!"

"I know how it happened, if you don't," exclaimed Jerry Boxx. "No human power dropped the Peggy so safely. I don't need to say no more."

Satisfied that the ship was staunch, matters became wonderfully active, and, as rapidly as possible, the boats brought off the members of the party and the stowage. There was little to leave behind, for the food supplies were reduced to a comfortable pitch, but it was a busy time while it lasted.

Drake's assertion that, when the tumult caused by the breaking away of the fragment had fully subsided, they would have fairly smooth water was verified. The vessel was so screened by the berg that the wind troubled her only comparatively.

A new difficulty rose from this very fact. The pounding seas that beat upon the stern of the berg bore her ever forward, and there became danger that she would drive upon the Peggy and crush her. This permitted the crew to bend canvas and get under small sail, and they presently had steerage

(Continued on page eighteen.)

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CHAPTER XVII.
FIDETTE.

WHEN Cushman King found himself face to face with the beautiful Miss Hobbs, who stood with leveled weapon in the palatial home of the Saddlestones, he sought in vain for mercy in the flashing eyes famous beauty. Cumberford, look- from the depths of his chair, was as nd implacable as a Venetian bravo. ea's "Shall I?" had been met with stone's "As you please, my dear," and e's lover looked for the deadly fire of volver to burst in his face.

held his life in their hands, those and Cushman had but to await the doom that impended.

hat instant the door was flung open, udosia stood on the threshold.

berford waved her back, his gaze de- that he wanted no intrusion at that ular moment. Althea stepped back he following second the weapon d at her side.

" she cried, haughtily, "and thank me ur life!"

hman felt his warm blood mount to apples. Casting another look at Cum- d Saddlestone, he turned on his heel e next second was in the hall.

life had hung on a thread and it was time before he recovered his com-

y did you fail?" cried the millionaire, closed the door, after dismissing his with an imperious gesture.

mile gathered at the lips of the elegant Hobbs.

would be taking a life without de-" said she coolly.

t you don't know the insults he threw ny teeth," exclaimed Cushman.

t, my dear Cumberford, I had nothing st the young man."

now, my child. It was my quarrel, to re, but you could have saved me future ance."

may not come again," said she. "If ould——"

dies on the carpet!" and Cumberford t the quieting of his nerves in a glass ne which he ordered.

hat did he want?"

the lover of the girl, Drosser, who en set free, but not by my agency. I watch for him. I——"

e clear tones of the door bell reverberthrough the house.

ait,"-cried Cumberford, throwing out and in a detaining gesture as the Enggirl attempted to leave. "You shall e act now."

s tones were the bitterness of rage.

th Cumberford and Althea fell to hing the door, the millionaire taking a drawer in the table a revolver h he deftly concealed.

e door swinging open revealed the e of Captain Sharp, and the gaze of and woman became riveted on the old tive. The face of Miss Hobbs went a pale and her lips came stolidly tor.

e detective advanced and dropped into air, but not without having greeted ea with a low bow.

e English beauty regarded him narrowd kept silence.

he whole thing is very perplexing," be-Phineas Sharp, in the most natural of . "You are sure, Mr. Saddlestone, that ne but yourself and the late Mr. Lally the combination of the two doors?"

am quite sure of that, unless——"

mberford paused and hesitated.

see," said Sharp. "You mean to say s some one wormed the secret from ."

cannot see how that could be done. He me not only his word but his oath."

ally was always regarded as a man of word, which was as good as his bond," ed Captain Sharp. "The person who the sapphire hasn't as yet put it on the ket."

nd is not likely to do so very soon, I'm king," smiled the millionaire. "It has val."

am quite aware of that," resumed p. "The stone might be recut, you ——"

Which would spoil its value," interjected berford.

ecut gems even are not so easily dis- d of," remarked Miss Hobbs in her dest manner, accompanied by a smile. emember that the Salstontal diamond was recut in my own country and lost one-half its marketable value."

Captain Sharp turned to the beauty with one of his enigmatical looks.

"Miss Hobbs is quite right," said he. "Might I again inspect the scene of the robbery?"

"With pleasure," answered Cumberford, rising and forthwith he escorted the old detective to the looted treasure box.

Miss Hobbs saw them depart and then grandly swept up the broad stair, her silken skirts leaving a musical sound behind.

Phineas Sharp, upon entering the ravished apartment, closed the door behind him and turned upon Cumberford.

"Would you mind sending the maid to me," he said. "The maid Fidette, I mean."

"But Fidette can know nothing bearing on this case," he began, when Sharp gestured him into silence.

"The maid, if you please," said he, commandingly.

Cumberford departed and in a little while the door opened and Fidette posed before the imperturbable detective. She was a comely girl of magnificent proportions, was Fidette, and the presence of the sleuth did not flustrate her in the least.

Phineas Sharp set his back against the door and for a moment studied the face before him.

"Where were you the night the sapphire disappeared?" he asked calmly.

"I was about my duties."

"Where do you lodge, Fidette?"

"In the west wing of the house."

"Yes, that wing, or, to be more precise, your room, is some distance from the parlors?"

"It is the farthest room in the wing," answered Fidette haughtily.

She was beginning to be resourceful. What manner of man was this to question her with such persistence? Did he suspect that she had a hand in the disappearance of the sapphire?

"My dear young lady," continued Sharp, "did you ever see the Saddlestone sapphire?"

Fidette pursed her lips and looked straight into the old man's face.

"I saw it once on the bosom of Mrs. Saddlestone," was the reply.

"A wonderful gem, eh?"

"A beautiful thing!" cried the girl, enthusing.

"You were never permitted to touch it?"

"I?" cried Fidette as her brown eyes enlarged. "It would have been death, I suppose, for any of us girls to have touched it."

"Exactly. You say you saw nothing out of the way that night?"

"Oh!" cried Fidette, coloring, "I saw Juliette come back after her absence that night. That girl was all flustrated when I met her and avoided me."

"We'll drop Juliette," observed Captain Sharp with another smile. "You are quite sure you observed no one else?"

Fidette flashed up like a rocket.

"I don't think you have a right to ask me such silly questions," she exclaimed. "If you dare insinuate that I stole the sapphire——"

"No insinuations of the sort," grinned the old detective. "You sleep in the far west wing, I believe you said."

"I do," snapped Fidette.

"What were you doing in the upper hall at half-past one o'clock that night?"

The face of the handsome maid turned ashen.

"I won't stand for this, I won't!" she cried. "It's none of your business."

There was no reply from the cool old man.

"Let me out!" exclaimed Fidette, moving toward the door. "You have no right to hold me here!"

"If there was a chair in this room I'd invite you to be seated," was the response. "But you're a big healthy girl and you can stand. You were in the upper hall at half-past one?"

"I shall cry out if you don't release me!" flashed the maid, her anger rising like a storm. "You're a brute!"

"Maybe I am," was the retort. "What would a housemaid be doing in her master's upper hall at that uncanny hour?"

His manner was irritation itself.

"I won't answer that base insinuation," flashed back the white-faced Fidette. "I wasn't——"

"Come, my dear girl," laughed Captain Sharp, "don't get obstreperous. You'll want a husband one of these pretty days and your disposition won't make home a paradise for him."

Fidette showed her pearly teeth in a malicious grin.

"Let's get down to business. You were in the upper hall that night at half-past one. What did you see?"

"I won't tell you. I wouldn't tell if you offered me a thousand dollars! There!" and Fidette's lips came together with a snap and she looked defiance with a vengeance.

Captain Sharp opened the door and bowed the girl out with a sarcastic "Good-by."

CHAPTER XVIII.
THE MAN AT THE WINDOW.

Sydney Boswell had not been inactive.

After making his compact with Cumberford Saddlestone, he proceeded at once to business. He hunted up a shrewd detective whom he had employed on several previous occasions and set him on the trail of Jasper Nahant.

Fortunately Jasper was a personage not wholly unknown to the police, and it was well known that he inhabited Tinplate alley, under the same roof that sheltered the irrepressible Mag.

Boswell's detective waited till the wee small hours of the night before making his descent into that locality.

When he reached Tinplate alley his ears were saluted with sounds of merriment, and finding a window from which he could get a fair view of the interior of the particular house which he designed visiting, he glued his eyes to a pane and looked.

The room was not very well furnished but it looked neat, and the first object he saw was a woman seated on a settee thrumming a guitar while she accompanied the music with a light song. It was Mag herself, arrayed in the same garments in which she had paid her last visit to the elegant Miss Hobbs.

Mag was totally unconscious of the fact that she was watched, her whole soul was in the song that rippled over her lips, and Johnston Depoy was interested in the human study before him. Suddenly a door at Mag's right opened and Jasper Nahant entered the room. At sight of Mag he paused and bestowed upon her a quizzical smile.

The woman replied with one more open and continued her song.

Jasper at once began to overhaul some personal effects, which he began to jam into a valise while the singer watched him.

"It's the old scenes tomorrow," the detective heard him say. "I'm going back to the boy."

Mag laid the guitar aside and went over to him.

"I've got it," Jasper continued, looking up into the woman's face. "The boy won't be ashamed of his father after all."

"I don't believe you got anything," cried Mag. "You don't suppose he'd knuckle?"

Jasper paused in his occupation and drew a little flat package from his pocket.

"It's all here. He gave up like a gentleman," he laughed, shaking the package in Mag's face.

"Let me see."

He unfolded the papers and thrust them into the woman's hands.

"He did, sure!" she exclaimed, after a glance. "You can go back now, Jasper."

"And you, Mag?"

The woman with a haughty toss of her head fell back and laughed.

"Oh, I'm going to stay," she cried. "I rather like it here. I've found Althea once more——"

"Yes, I know."

"I'm going to be bridesmaid at her wedding."

"You?" Jasper Nahant fell back and chortled. "I see you now with all your tawdry on. You and Althea! Ha! Ha!"

Mag bit her lip and looked away.

"Mebbe you'll wear the sapphire," he exclaimed, with the laugh still on his lips.

"Maybe I will," grimaced Mag with a toss of her head. "Stranger things than that have happened, Jasper."

She put the guitar away and left the room. Jasper Nahant finished packing the valise, with a knowing smile on his face, and set it in a corner. Then he took a chair and fell into a reflective mood.

Half an hour passed and the man was still in the chair, but a change had come over him. He had fallen asleep. The man at the window saw the door open and Mag steal into the room. For a few moments she remained motionless, studying the occupant of the room, then she left him to his slumbers and again vanished.

Johnston Depoy, the detective, left the window and stole to the rear of the house. With the cunning of a practiced housebreaker he made his way from rear to front, and in a few moments was observing the sleeping man with the attention of a covert spy.

He glided forward till he stood over Jasper Nahant. All of a sudden he swooped

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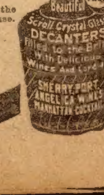
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eagle-like upon his prey, his eyes gleaming.

His hand shot toward the man's inner pocket and the next moment he had his hands full with the tigerish man whom he had aroused. Jasper Nahant had leaped to his feet at the first touch of the detective's hands and they were swirling back and forth in the grip of passion. Not a word was spoken.

Suddenly Depoy forced Jasper against the wall and again his hand sought the hiding place of the papers. Jasper resisted with all the power at his command.

"You shall not!" he roared. "It's life to me and to the boy! I know who sent you! I know all!"

The detective said nothing, for the papers were in his hands and he jerked them forth.

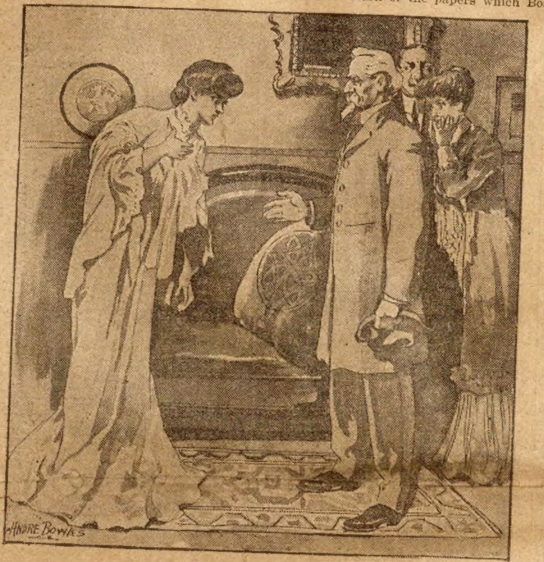
With a cry which would have done credit to a wild beast Jasper Nahant plunged after the detective. A revolver suddenly confronted him and behind it were the blazing eyes of Sydney Boswell's tool.

Jasper was flung headlong across the little room. He struck the wall with a thud and dropped quivering to the floor. In another moment the papers were safe in Depoy's pocket and he turned to go.

As he jerked the door open he came face to face with the white-faced Mag.

The woman took in the whole situation at a glance.

She threw her body against the door and confronted the detective.



"It is false!"

For a moment they gazed at one another, then the man made a pass which the quick arms of the woman warded off.

"You've robbed Jasper of that which is dearer to him than life!" she cried. "You've got the papers!"

A look of triumph was the answer.

"Give them to me!" continued Mag, threateningly. "I am Jasper's sister——"

"That's nothing to me, miss," was the interruption. "What I've got I keep," and the hands of Depoy shot out and threw the woman aside. She came back at him with the agility of a pantheress, only to be cast off again, there was the sharp closing of a door and Mag was alone with the man on the floor.

Ten minutes later a motor car drew up in front of Boswell's house and a man dashed up the steps. He jerked the door bell ruthlessly.

A minute afterward he was ushered into a luxurious library and the banker entered, en dishabille, to stop suddenly and stare at the man who was waiting for him.

"Well, you've got them?" cried Boswell.

"What do you call that?" and the papers were cast upon the table with a look of supreme victory.

"By George, Depoy, this wins me a wife!" exclaimed the gratified Boswell clutching eagerly at the package.

"I'm glad of that, sir, but I had a time getting them. He fought like a tiger."

"And here's something for your pains," and a roll of bank-notes fluttered to the table.

When the detective had departed Boswell took up the papers and seated himself at the table. Slowly but with consuming eagerness he opened the package and began to read.

"My God!" he suddenly exclaimed with a start. "In heaven's name, how did Jasper Nahant get all this from Cumberford?"

As his face reddened under the reading his hands trembled.

"If I were a poor man I could become a millionaire," he gasped. "He would give up everything, even the sapphire, if he had it, for these documents. But never mind, they win me the beautiful Miss Hobbs just the same. Who would have thought it? This is the skeleton in Cumberford's closet and Jasper Nahant knew it!"

A strange fascination seemed to bind Boswell to the papers on the table. He turned them over and over, his face aglow with victory. He rose and paced the floor with a smile of triumph on every lineament.

The next day was not far advanced when Boswell's motor car whirled up to Cumberford's downtown office. The elegantly attired man who alighted did not take time to be announced, but burst in upon Cumberford like a storm.

"You've succeeded?" cried Saddlestone, interpreting the look in Boswell's eyes.

"When do my men fail me?" was the response, and the papers were thrown upon the desk before the astonished man.

There was a cry as Cumberford's hands clutched them, but the next moment his thin face turned pale.

"You haven't looked at them, Boswell?" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"Why should I have done so? They're private papers, aren't they?" lied Boswell coolly.

"Yes, they're my blood," was the answer, and Cumberford thrust the recovered property into his pocket.

"I'll keep the compact," he cried, as he leaped to his feet and seized Boswell's hands. "She's yours, my friend!"

A smile settled about Boswell's lips.

"I'll see that she falls into your net," continued Cumberford. "You've done me the service of a lifetime. But did your man kill Jasper Nahant?"

"I didn't ask him. Isn't the return of the papers enough?"

"Yes, yes—enough," laughed Cumberford. "She's yours and, by George! what a prize you've won—the elegant Miss Hobbs!" and both men laughed in unison.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SECOND BOLT.

Mr. Cumberford Saddlestone was certainly at his ease. If there was anything lacking to complete his happiness it was the absence of the sapphire.

He occupied a huge easy chair in the depths of his library, and it was the day after the return of the papers which Boswell's man had wrested from the grasp of Jasper Nahant. A convenient bottle and chased goblet stood at Cumberford's elbow, and he had but to reach out and pour the rich vintage which tingled his blood and brought a deep glow of satisfaction to his cheeks.

The morning was not far advanced and he had been alone in the sumptuous room for some time.

Presently the pit a pat of daintily shod feet came musically down the nearby staircase and ended at the base. Well did he know the fair possessor of those feet. His glance wandered toward the door and he seemed to hold his breath till it opened.

There was a sudden turn of the knob and the beautiful Miss Hibbs tripped into his presence.

There was a flush on her cheeks which enhanced her loveliness, and as she swept forward with the happiest of greetings, Cumberford envied Boswell the prize he was winning. Althea deposited herself in a chair near Saddlestone and turned the full glow of her lustrous eyes upon him.

"You look divinely happy this morning, my dear," began Cumberford. "I fancy there is something—a secret—nearest your heart."

The crimsoning flush deepened on Althea's cheeks.

"I think I should be the happiest woman in the world, Cumberford," she responded, letting her gaze fall for a moment to the carpet, at her feet. "I am about to enter upon the proudest moment of my life."

"I trust you will accept my congratulations," said the millionaire. "If you will permit a little pardonable inquisitiveness on my part——"

"It is a secret which I need not keep," she broke in. "Mr. Boswell has done me the honor to ask for my hand."

"Then, indeed," exclaimed Cumberford, "you are the most favored of women!"

"I think so, my dear friend. And I believe I owe much of my coming happiness to you."

"Don't mention it, my girl," laughed Cumberford.

"I trust you are happy, my dear Cumberford."

"Never more so in all my life. There is but one fly in my ointment and that is the absence of the great sapphire."

The elegant Miss Hobbs looked away for a moment and her gaze wandered back to Cumberford brighter than ever.

"I fear you miss it very much," said she.

"I shall miss it on the day of your wedding, for I had intended that it should grace your bosom."

"You are very, very kind."

"I shall renew my hunt for the thief," Cumberford proceeded. "Now that you have become the fiancee of my dear friend Boswell, I shall put forth every effort for the restoration of the jewel."

"Captain Sharp, then, is still at sea?" asked Althea.

"Decidedly so, but not hopeless," was the reply.

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"Do you think he has really a clew?"

"Captain Sharp is very reticent," said Cumberford. "You might as well try to carev the Appenines in twain as to get at one of his professional secrets. But I suppose there is nothing like silence in the secret service."

The following moment Eudosia swept into the room and spread her skirts over a chair.

"I say, Cumberford," she exclaimed, "what is all this in the papers concerning an attack on a man who is supposed to have held certain documents affecting the character of a well known citizen."

Saddlestone's face flushed, then paled, and, averting his gaze, he swallowed hard.

"Really I cannot imagine," said he. "I only glanced over the papers this morning. I never interest myself in the criminal news."

"It threatens a little mystery," Mrs. Saddlestone went on. "At least the reporters are making a good deal out of the incident. It was by the merest chance that I lighted upon the paragraph."

"Despoiled of a lot of important papers, did you say, my dear Eudosia?" said Miss Hobbs, turning upon the speaker.

"Yes, the man was robbed in a section of the city known as Tinplate alley, a disreputable locality, no doubt. The man, so the story goes, was badly injured in the tussle he had with the despoiler and now lies in a precarious condition."

"Robbed by one of own ilk, no doubt?" Althea observed, stealing a glance at Cumberford.

"Doubtless, my dear," answered Cumberford. "It must have been wolf and wolf."

The brief silence that ensued seemed painful.

"Althea," continued Cumberford, shifting the subject neatly, "has just been acquainting me with her good fortune."

"Giving you the secret first?" exclaimed Eudosia. "Come, my dear child, I shall have to inform you that I am the head of this house."

The elegant Miss Hobbs blushed and centered her gaze upon Mrs. Saddlestone.

"I should have told you first, Eudosia, had you first crossed my line of vision today," laughed the English girl. "I have accepted Mr. Boswell."

Mrs. Saddlestone elevated her head rather haughtily and could not suppress frigidity as she turned full upon their guest.

"I am sure Mr. Boswell is to be congratulated," said she.

"And why not Althea here?" put in Cumberford.

"Oh, she knows she has our felicitations," was the response. "Cumberford knows that I have some little repulsion for Sydney Boswell."

[illegible] listened to say with some feeling.

"As gentlemen go now [illegible] the cutting answer. "Mr. Boswell is very wealthy and can give you all your heart desires in the way of money, my dear. I dare say that he got some of his wealth in a predatory [illegible] neither here nor there, since [illegible] you happy."

Miss Hobbs did not speak.

"I did not come in to [illegible] well," Eudosia resumed. "I came to ask you, Cumberford, if you have any clew to the sapphire. You know I haven't had a chance to question you for several days."

"There is no tangible clew," answered Cumberford. "Captain Sharp, however, [illegible] which was a white lie, "that he expects soon to clear up the mystery."

"Expects soon," grimaced Eudosia. "There is to be a reception in this house tomorrow night a week, and the absence of the sapphire will be sorely felt."

"Oh, it shall blaze on Althea's bosom then," said Cumberford with supreme assurance. "I am quite sure it will."

"[illegible]," responded Eudosia, superciliously. "I don't ever expect to see the jewel again."

Cumberford bit his lip and looked away.

"By the way, my dear child," said Eudosia, turning abruptly upon the elegant Miss Hobbs. "I have never asked your opinion regarding the [illegible] disappearance of the sapphire."

"The whole thing is so shrouded in mystery that one is at [illegible] to elucidate," smiled Althea Hobbs with [illegible].

"Then you have never canvassed the affair?"

"I preferred to leave that to the police," Althea replied.

"Which," said Cumberford, "[illegible] to do under the circumstances [illegible] the only thing."

Mrs. Saddlestone pursed her lips at these words and suddenly became engrossed in a landscape which hung on the opposite wall.

At this moment a resonant ring was answered by the pattering of feet in the hall.

"The very man!" cried Eudosia, as the figure of Captain Sharp appeared in the doorway.

The old detective took in the group at a glance.

"My dear Captain Sharp," Eudosia went on, with a startling familiarity, "we've just been discussing that elusive gem."

"Indeed, madam?" said Sharp. "An interesting subject, no doubt."

"Yes, to all of us. Cumberford here has just been telling us that you hope soon to find the missing sapphire."

Phineas Sharp came forward and stood before the trio.

His mobile face gave out no hint of what was on his mind.

"I have the honor to report," he addressed himself particularly to Eudosia, "that I have found the culprit."

"You have, eh?" and Cumberford leaned forward and fixed his gaze on the man on the carpet.

"Yes. I have run the final clew down at last. I am ready to report."

The old detective paused.

"Do you remember, Mr. Saddlestone, that upon my first visit to this house I remarked that I believed the sapphire never left the mansion that night?"

"I do recall such a remark," confessed Cumberford, "but at the time I laughed at it."

"Well, I was not at fault," resumed Sharp coolly, "and now, with you permission, I shall ask Miss Hobbs to give up the sapphire."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SAPPHIRE TURNS UP.

In the silence that followed Captain Sharp's demand the fall of the lightest feather might have been heard.

The form of the elegant Miss Hobbs grew suddenly into a statue in the chair.

The old detective thrust out his hand.

"Please do not leave us, Miss Hobbs," he said in his coolest tones. "I shall recite a little history. A good many years ago a gentleman of the road was apprehended in England and executed on Newgate Hill. You will find his portrait on the wall of your gallery, Cumberford. I refer to the gentleman with the scar. This fellow was the head of a family at the time of his exit and his descendants inherit a good deal of his cunning.

"I have been to some little trouble lately running his line down to the present day. One of his descendants was the somewhat renowned Captain Boxer of Kent, who might have adorned a gallows tree had not a fatal accident overtaken him. He is supposed to have had a hand in the theft of numerous jewels in various parts of the world. The Captain was a cunning fellow, but that is neither here nor there. Not very long ago a certain person who can trace her line back to the ubiquitous Captain has been posing as the heiress of Hobbs Castle.

"Some time since this personage resolved to transfer the scene of her actions to this side of the Atlantic. She had many and various acquaintances, among them the famous Lally, the king locksmith of Europe, who now reposes under seven [illegible] English soil. Lally a short time before he shuffled off this mortal coil confided to this shrewd lady some of his secrets, among them the secret of several of his triumphs in lockmaking.

"[illegible] Saddlestone, came in late. This maid discovered another of your servants in one of the upper halls. This latter servant was intently watching a figure that had left one of the upper chambers, and it was the possessor of that superb figure who had been the pupil of the celebrated Lally, or, [illegible] secrets. So [illegible] late treasury of the sapphire and was able to open the steel safe itself.

"This bit of business was very cleverly done," proceeded Captain Sharp. "The jewel was abstracted and carried off that same night by Lally's accomplished pupil. It was for this very deed that the young lady crossed the sea. I have said that she has posed as the heiress of Hobbs Castle, an estate which has lost much of its former greatness, though this has been assiduously kept from the knowledge of the public. That is all, my dear Mr. Saddlestone, that I ask Miss Hobbs to restore the sapphire to its looted nest."

As he finished the old detective turned full upon the elegant Miss Hobbs, upon whom he beamed divinely and again held out his hand.

The gaze of Cumberford and his wife became riveted upon the white-faced girl who [illegible] the chair.

"Miss Juliette Drosser," continued the Captain, "was the servant who came in late that eventful night, and Fidette the one who was watching the so-called Althea Hobbs at large in the house."

In an instant the English girl was on her feet.

"It is false!" she exclaimed, as her face grew tense under the searching gaze of the old clew finder. "It is a lie as black as the heart that coins it!"

Captain Phineas was [illegible] summer morning.

"We will subject her boudoir to a search," he went on. "I am quite willing to stake my reputation on the charge that it will give up the missing jewel."

As he finished he moved towards the door and with a flash the superb girl sprang after him and clutched his arm.

"You shall not!" cried she, reddening and then in the same instant lapsing into pallor again. "My room shall not be profaned by the feet of a common man-chaser."

"Eh?" drawled the imperturbable old man. "I am accustomed to having my own way in little episodes like this one. Do not disturb yourself, my dear. I shall not be gone long."

She clutched his arm the tighter and drew him back. Her eyes were blazing.

"It is infamous!" she cried.

"Of course it is," smiled Captain Phineas. "I simply want to demonstrate my belief," and he was at the door.

Then Miss Hobbs fell back in the chair and glared into the hall.

"Did you really, my dear?" asked Eudosia. There was stony silence on Althea's part. The footsteps of Captain Sharp were dying away on the stairs. "I always thought—"

"It is false!" exclaimed Althea, turning sharply upon Eudosia. "You are incapable of thinking intelligently."

"Do you hear that, Cumberford, and in your own house?"

Cumberford was sphinx-like in his attitude.

"I shall stand by our guest," he said at last, driven to utterance. "This charge is incredible." Then he sat in strained silence for at time.

Presently footfalls came down the staircase and once more the face of Captain Sharp appeared in the doorway.

"I have the honor of clearing up the mystery," he said, looking straight into Cumberford's face, as he deposited something white and dazzling on the center table. "Do you recognize this, Mr. Saddlestone?"

"The sapphire!" cried Eudosia, leaning [illegible] with a stare.

"It was [illegible] astounded.

[illegible] nest of steel to a nest of feathers," said the old detective. "I found this in one of the pillows of Miss Hobbs' couch."

Once more Althea was on her feet, her face aflame and her splendid figure drawn to its full height.

It took Cumberford a full minute to find his tongue.

"And pray, Captain Sharp, what are you going to do about it?" he stammered.

"It all rests with you. If you desire we will call it a family affair and [illegible] closed."

"It's the sapphire sure enough," ejaculated Eudosia. "There will be no reception next week and, if I mistake not, no wedding."

The look she received from the English girl would have killed had it been a poisoned arrow.

"I fancy this exonerates Miss Juliette," resumed Captain Sharp, with one of his rare smiles. "And, what is more, Mag of Tinplate alley can now renew her acquaintance with her old and valued friend, the so-called Miss Hobbs of Hobbs Castle."

The upshot of the whole matter was that the next vessel that cleared for England had for a passenger a young and beautiful girl with an astounding array of baggage, and when Cumberford Saddlestone again greeted his old friend Boswell a frigid silence for a moment fell between the pair.

"Why didn't you tell me?" roared Boswell, facing Cumberford with clenched hands.

"Why didn't I suspect?" was the reply. "I guess you won't have any business in England now?"

"I? Never! Do you know what I am going to do?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, my dear fellow."

"I'm going to dower Miss Drosser, and, by heavens! she shall have the swellest nuptials a poor girl ever had! King, I hear, is a real good fellow, and, by the way, Cumberford, that fellow Nahant is on the mend and will be here soon after those papers."

It was the last of the Saddlestone sapphire. Mag soon afterward quitted these shores and the boy Oscar in after years discovered that his father wasn't as black as he had been painted.

It may also be added that there was a scarcity of fetes thereafter in one mansion in Golden avenue, and that the elegant Miss Hobbs was a forbidden subject in its parlors.

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"Father says," she summed it up; "father says, dear, that I will have to give you up."

The young man sighed. "Then it's all over?" he murmured, with gloomy interrogation. And the girl laughed and blushed.

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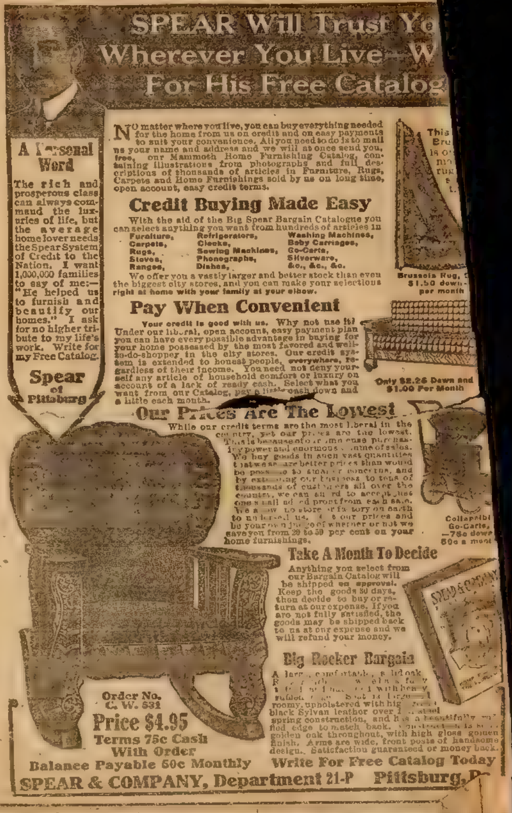

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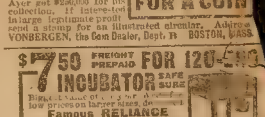

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Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets which have made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P.O. Address, to Dr. F.G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay

ription
Knocks Rheumatism

logical treatment for r[illegible] rough the blood. A [illegible] ich has recently proved effective [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] sarsaparilla; [illegible] half pint [illegible] to be mixed [illegible] before each [illegible] bedtime. [illegible] last winter, [illegible]

Safer to Sign.

Wilkes—I hear that some of the prominent actresses, singers, generals and society ladies get five hundred dollars for merely signing their names to articles written for them. [illegible] the Upper-crust Magazine?

Jinks—It's true, too.

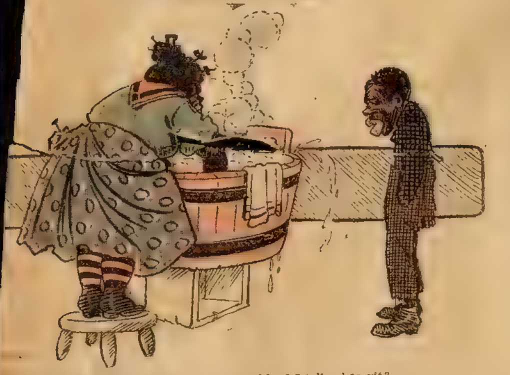
Wilkes—Well! Well! I wonder what they'd get if they wrote the whole article themselves.

Jinks—Get laughed at.

Gently Rebuked.

Not long ago a London preacher indulged in a little bit of sarcasm over a small collection. And he did it very neatly in a preface to his sermon on the following Sunday. "Brethren," he said, "our collection last Sunday was a very small one. When I looked at the congregation, I said to myself, 'Where are the poor?' But as I looked at the collection when we counted it I exclaimed, 'Where are the rich?'"

LOGICAL EXCUSE.



[illegible]—[illegible] Rastus! Whar's dat can o' lard I tol' yo' to git?
[illegible] now; it was so slippy it done slipped mah mind.

A Familiar Character.

[illegible] you [illegible] fully up [illegible] I [illegible] you contrived to get [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]—Oh, I never give [illegible] [illegible]

A Toilet Secret.

[illegible]—Put your head on my shoulder [illegible] my head on your pompadour. [illegible] such a lovely pompadour.

[illegible]—All right, but be just a little [illegible] There's a wire matress in it, but [illegible] quite sure how strong it is.

Cheap at the Price.

Citizen—How much do you make [illegible]?

Grinder—About 10 cents de block.

Citizen—Well, here's a dollar. [illegible] up ten blocks.

A Detected Faker.

The old lady seemed to have something on her mind, and she let go when her daughter's young man called.

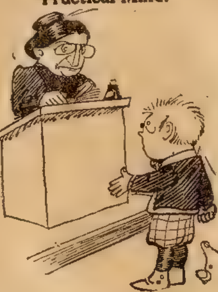
"Mr. Simpson," she began impressively, "a friend of mine informs me that you are employed by a firm of pork butchers."

"Yes—that is so," [illegible] the young [illegible].

"And," went on the old lady, trembling with indignation, "you led Mary an' me to believe you were a costumer."

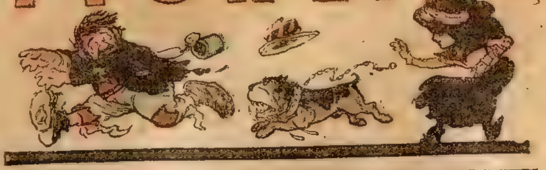
"Well," replied the detected deceiver, "so I am in a kind of way. You see, I put the tights on the sausages."

Practical Mind.



Teacher—Johnnie, if you put thirty-seven eggs in an incubator and nine-tenths of them hatched, what would you get?
Johnnie—A shotgun and kill the cat.

TICKLISH



His Distinguishing Mark.

One day a big city bank received the following message from one of its country correspondents:

"Pay twenty-five dollars to John Smith, who will call today."

The cashier's curiosity became suspicious when a cabman assisted into the bank a drunken "fare," who shouted that he was John Smith and wanted some money.

Two clerks pushed, pulled, and piloted the boisterous individual into a private room away from the sight and hearing of regular depositors. The cashier wired the country bank:

"Man claiming to be John Smith is here. Highly intoxicated. Shall we await identification?"

The answer read: "Identification complete. Pay the money."

The Cat Came Back.

Egbert—Oh, yes, I hit upon a plan which I thought would work. I wrote a note, inclosing ten dollars, and tied both about the cat's neck. The note read, "Finder may keep both the cat and the money."

"And how did it work?"

"The cat came back the next day with another note tied to its neck. The note read: 'Don't need the cat, but can use the money. Please send ten dollars more.'"

The Difficulty.

"Life ain't nothin' but disappointment," groaned the Chronic Grumbler.

"Cheer up!" urged the Cheerful Idiot. "Didn't yer git £10 for puttin' yer picture in the paper as havin' bin cured o' all yer ills by Bunk's pills."

"Yes, I did. An' now all my relatives are askin' me why I don't go to work, now that I'm cured?"

A Bad Leck.

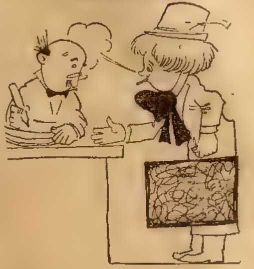
"Is there gas escaping here?" asked the fussy man who had just begun his meal in the restaurant.

"No, sir," replied the waiter.

"But I certainly seem to smell a bad leak."

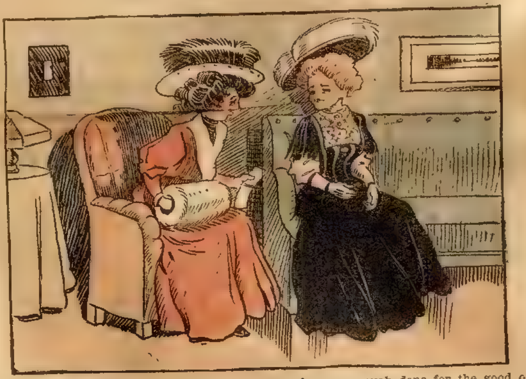
"Yes, sir; sometimes the cook gets a bad leck in the soup, sir."

Cold-Blooded.



Artist—Say, I've got some of the funniest pictures you ever saw.
Magazine Editor—Really! Where did you have them taken?

AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB.



Mme. Sourcastik—And what, my deah woman, have you evah done for the good of mankind, may I ask?
Egotistical Widow—Well, I've been a good wife to three of them.

Not for Him.

Figg—Don't you wish you could live your life over again?

Fogg—Well, I should say not. I've got a twenty-year endowment policy maturing this month.

The Truthful Husband.

Bronson (to fishermen)—Just throw me a dozen of those trout.

Fisherman—Throw them.

Bronson—Yes; then I can go home and tell my wife I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar.

DIABETES

Quickly cured with the wonderful tropical herb, Diabetol. Gives relief from first dose. To prove, will mail week's supply for 25c. Booklet free. F. M. Ames, Box 99A, Whitney Point, N. Y.

Covered From Head to Foot.

"What's the matter? Did you fall in the mud?"

"No. Green just splashed by me in his new automobile."

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (z)

The Reason Why.

Young Bride—I didn't accept Harry the first time he proposed.

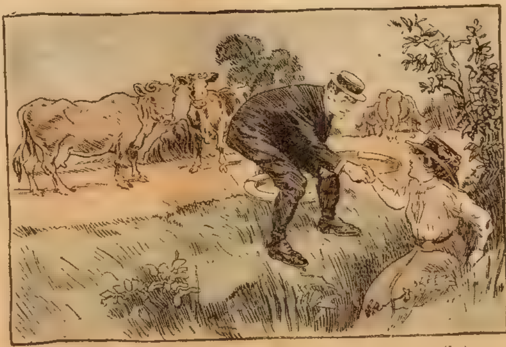
Miss Rival—No, dear; you weren't there.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

He is a poor workman—or poor politician—who blames his tools.

WHY SHE WAS FRIGHTENED.



Curate (to lady who has taken refuge in ditch)—Didn't I assure you that a cow is [illegible] dangerous when it has lost its calf?
She—[illegible] I was frightened. I couldn't see a calf anywhere.

AGENTS WANTED

Rider Agents Wanted in each town to ride an exhibit sample 1911 bicycle. Write for special offer.
Finest Guaranteed 1911 Models with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. $10 to $27
1909 & 1910 Models all of best makes.... $7 to $12
100 Second-Hand Wheels All makes and models, good as new .... $3 to $8
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight, and allow 10 DAY'S FREE TRIAL.
TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogues and offer. Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. F-58 CHICAGO

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X418, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

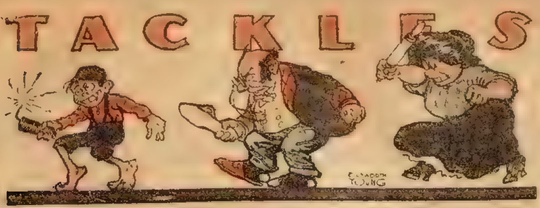
AGENTS HANDKERCHIEFS, DRESS GOODS. Carleton made $8.00 one afternoon. Mrs. Bosworth made $25.00 in 2 days. No experience needed. FREE SAMPLES. Credit. Easy work. $10 A DAY
FREEPORT MFG. CO. 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

10 IN ONE. Most useful small tool made. Nickeled Key Ring, Nail Cutter, Cleaner, Eraser, Pencil Sharpener, Watch Case Opener, Pipe Cleaner, Cigar Clipper, Bottle Opener, Screw Driver. Sample [illegible] Agents wanted. The H. W. Trader Co., 23 Duane St., New York

Big Agents Wanted Sell Ladies' Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Waists, Dress Skirts, Battenbergs, Lingerie, Millinery, etc., at half merchants' prices. Your credit is good. Free sample outfit, biggest commissions; exclusive territory, written guarantee [illegible] sale. Write for [illegible] No. 298, and sample swatches.
SCHWARTZ IMPORTING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS The Light That Never Fails
will produce better light than any other artificial lighting device. Special inducements and territory to right party. We want a good man in every city and village in the world. For full particulars address Dept. 10.
NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS,
216-220 S. Jefferson Street, CHICAGO, Ill.

BEACON LAMP BURNER FREE
Incandescent. 100 Candle Power. Burns common coal oil. Gives better light than gas, electricity or six ordinary lamps at one-sixth to one-tenth the cost. Fits your old lamp. Unequaled for fine sewing or reading.
COSTS ONLY ONE CENT FOR SIX HOURS
We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our special offer to secure a Beacon Burner FREE. Write today. Agents Wanted. HOME SUPPLY CO.
[illegible] K. C. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



IT'S FOOD

That Restores and Makes Health Possible.

There are stomach specialists as well as eye and ear and other specialists.

One of these told a young lady, of New Brunswick, N. J., to quit medicines and eat Grape-Nuts. She says:

"For about 12 months I suffered severely with gastritis. I was unable to retain much of anything on my stomach, and consequently was compelled to give up my occupation.

"I took quantities of medicine, and had an idea I was dieting, but I continued to suffer, and soon lost 15 pounds in weight. I was depressed in spirits and lost interest in everything generally. My mind was so affected that it was impossible to become interested in even the lightest reading matter.

"After suffering for months I decided to go to a stomach specialist. He put me on Grape-Nuts and my health began to improve immediately. It was the keynote of a new life.

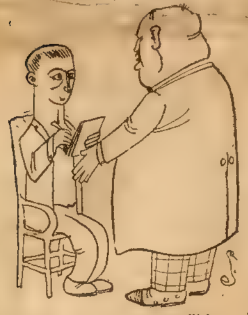
"I found that I had been eating too much starchy food which I did not digest, and that the cereals which I had tried had been too heavy. I soon proved that it is not the quantity of food that one eats, but the quality.

"In a few weeks I was able to go back to my old business of doing clerical work. I have continued to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meal. I wake in the morning with a clear mind and feel rested. I regained my lost weight in a short time. I am well and happy again and owe it to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A Safety Device.



"No, sir; we have had no collisions. In fact, the road has devised a plan for eliminating them altogether."

"So? How is that?"

"Why, we only have one engine."

Completing the Offer.

There is a light side even to electioneering—would it were seen oftener. One fervent candidate for political preferment recently assured his audience that he was prepared to offer "his life, his home, his children, his country and his empire to the free and unfettered judgment of a free and unfettered people!" It was high sounding, but the whole effect was spoiled by a voice from the back of the hall crying: "Won't you throw in the missus, gov'nor?"

Extensive Observation.

"Out of a job, eh?"

"Yes. But I'm going to get a good situation in the millinery department of a big store."

"Why, what do you know about millinery?"

"All there is to know. I've been working for several years as a United States customs inspector."

Happiness Before Dyspepsia.

Bacon—The darkest hour is just before the dawn, they say.

Egbert—Yes, and a man's happiest moments are just before he's miserable.

Bacon—How do you make that out?

Egbert—Why, haven't you ever noticed how happy a man is when he's eating something which is sure to disagree with him?

Try Murine Eye Remedy

for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

A Bit Awkward.

"This is awkward. I flirted with a young man at the seashore, and we both pretended to be rich. Now I find he lives in our city."

"But you needn't see him if you don't want to."

"I can't well get out of it. It seems he collects the payments on our piano."

The Lady Engaged.

New Domestic—Mr. Spinks has called, mem.

Miss De Fine (at her toilet)—Mercy me! You see I'm engaged.

Mr. Spinks (some moments later)—You said Miss De Fine was at home, I believe.

New Domestic—Yesser, but yuh can't see her, sir. She's cuttin' her corns.

Effective Threat.

"I hear that old Grabit has agreed to give his son an allowance of $,000 a year."

"Yes. The boy swore that if his father didn't give him more than $50 a month for spending money he would become a chorus [illegible]"

Ran for His Life.

Kicker—My great-grandfather carried that drum all through the Revolution.

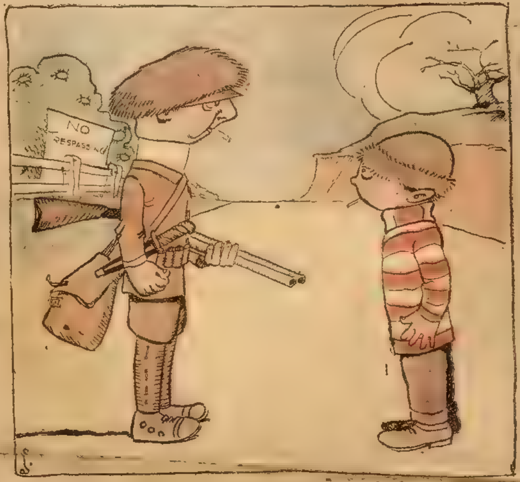
Snicker—And whenever he sighted the enemy he beat it, I suppose.

When First Are Best.

"Think twice before you speak once," is a good rule," said the moralizer.

"Not always," rejoined the demoralizer.

OPEN QUESTION.



Sport—Is there anything worth shooting around here, my boy?

Boy—Well, there was a feller shot here by Farmer Jones last week for trespassin', but I don't know wedder he'll think you're worth shootin' er not.

A Boomerang.

"What's the matter with your head?" asked the first bunko man.

"A farmer I met today just banged me there with his carpet bag," replied the other.

"It must have been a pretty hard carpet bag."

"Yes, it had a gold brick in it that I sold him yesterday."

A Mermaid Described.

"Ever see a mermaid, Jim?" asked Dusty Rhodes, as he threw himself down on the sands alongside of a brother hobo.

"Yaas," said Jim.

"What did she look like?" asked Dusty.

"Oh, I d'no'—rather like a lady cut decollety, with a hobble skirt around her propeller," said Jim.

"Some persons think of so much meaner things to say on second thought that I'd rather hear their first though pertaining to the subject."

An Earlier Start.

"William," said a fond father, "hereafter you will get up just an hour earlier."

"Why, dad," cried the horrified hopeful, "standard time isn't changed, is it?"

"No," replied his father, "but son time is."

The Difficulty.

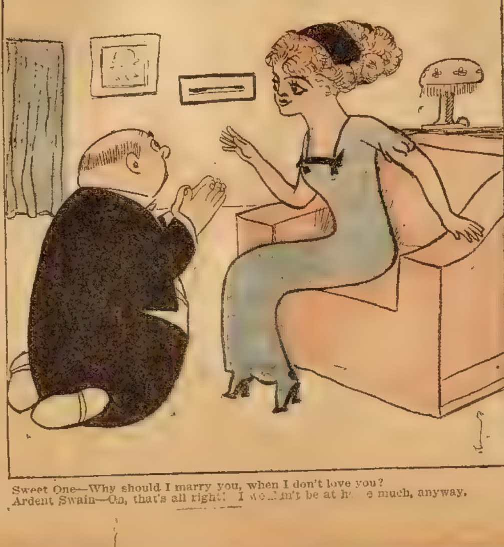
"I say, old boy, lend me an X."

"Would if I could, dear chap, but there's an algebraic difficulty in the way."

"What is it?"

"An X with me is an unknown quantity."

MAKING IT EASY.



Sweet One—Why should I marry you, when I don't love you?

Ardent Swain—Oh, that's all right! I wouldn't be at home much, anyway.

AGENTS WA

AGEN

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Sensational opportunity f
Thomas Suction Clea
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Women delighted. Price
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WE PAY $36 A WEEK
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Thirty Days' Credit. Samples and Catal
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$75 monthly. Combination
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Women Can Make from $12 to $30
showing their friends and neighbors my Pa
Beauty Cream, taking orders for it and 15 other
some of which every woman uses every day.
Free sample in aluminum box and 86 page
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Agents wanted in every county to sell Novelty Knives, with
photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Guaranteed razor ste
blades. Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. You should
independent. Let us show you how. Write quick for terms.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 23 Bar St., Canton,

Good Agents Wanted
Women, and men too, can earn big money by selling our imported Laces, Battenbergs, Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waists, Millinery Petticoats, Books etc. We extend credit and give free sample outfits to our agents. Write to-day—if your territory is still open we'll place our money-making proposition in your hands, but don't delay. Full particulars on request.
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Our Rug and Carpet Department is the largest in the world and offers enormous varieties to select from at the lowest prices you ever heard of.

Our Gold Medal Brand Furniture is the kind you will be proud to have in your home. Rich looking, substantial—solid—built to last, and costs less than you pay other concerns for the ordinary kind.

We guarantee satisfaction with every purchase and refund the money sent us besides paying all freight charges on anything you don't want to keep.

eople's Outfitting Co., 207 E St., Detroit, Mich.

UTNAM FADELESS DYES

r more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet w to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors." Address PUTNAM DYE CO., Quincy, Illinois.

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[illegible] houses need more trained help. Good salaries, short hours and certain promotion. I can prepare you by mail in a few hours' study weekly to accept a good position, and after graduating, will assist you in obtaining one. I am associate author of text books now used by the best commercial schools, an experienced accountant, and have been a commercial teacher 44 years. References. Any bank or business house in Rochester. Send for Free Book.

L. L. WILLIAMS, 30 Y. M. C. A. Bldg., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with mucoid and catarrhal accretions, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you will feel its great benefits—only one dose is usually required. I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete [illegible] treatment to sufferers [illegible] Free so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble suffer from Gall Stones. I firmly believe [illegible] Gall Stones [illegible] Free treatment at once. [illegible] operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

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References:—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

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American Pure Food Co., Dept. D, Kansas City, Mo.

Boy's and Girl's Corner

Oscar Hartley's Fortune;

Or, Stepping Into Dead Men's Shoes

By Ida M. Shepler

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CHAPTER VII.

A CLOSE CALL.

ONE morning, quite early, something like a week before the trial, Oscar had gone to a far out potato patch to dig potatoes for market. The patch was surrounded on three sides by tall corn, and on the fourth by a pole fence, well lined with bushes and an occasional small tree. A yard or two beyond this fence the ground sloped into a small stream.

Spare moments from work Oscar had given to learning to shoot. He proved an apt pupil, Clint declared. Today he had brought a rifle with him, for yesterday an acorn duck had swept tantalizingly near him, and he heard their peculiar calls along the stream.

"We will have acorn duck for supper," he told to his stepmother that morning.

Placing the loaded gun against the fence, Oscar began work with the potato fork, keeping an eye and ear alert for the sound of duck or other game birds along the undergrowth fringing the bank of the stream.

But after a time, intent on his work, and bound to dig more bushels of potatoes that day than a champion potato digger who was working in another part of the grounds, Oscar forgot gun and acorn ducks, and neither did he see the slouching form, fishing rod and rifle over one shoulder, stop at the pole fence to glance through the bushes at him.

The form could only belong to Link Beam. Stooping, he reached one bony hand between the poles, pulling Oscar's rifle through. Putting down his own rifle and fishing rod and with Oscar's gun, which he had made sure was loaded, in hand, Link stole along the fence until within range of his victim.

He had not actually come to do the thing he was [illegible] planning. The creek in this part was well stocked with trout, and he had heard that a strong flock of ducks had taken up quarters among the reeds and bushes here. He had slouched out for sport, but luck was placing a greater chance right in his hand he thought.

Link knew that Clint's men were all working far from this lonely spot. A shot could not be heard but faintly by them, from this field, and neither, unless some one was in hiding in the bushes, could his act be seen.

"I must hit him just where it will kill him instantly," he mumbled between his set teeth. "Yes, where it will kill quick and yet look like an accidental shot from his own gun. Then I'll drag him back to the fence, place his gun at his finger tips, and—well, when they come to hunt him, they will find him, and it will be death by accident. Eh, isn't that finely thought out? Nobody saw me come down here. I'll fix it so that nobody sees me go, and who will ever guess?"

Such plans carry out as planned, sometimes. Again, some trifling incident turns them back, and our guardian angel gets the credit. A muskrat, leading her young out in search of food, crept warily upon an acorn duck. The sharp eyes spied it, and with a long shriek the duck flew for safety along the water. The sound brought Oscar from a stooping posture to his feet and off for his gun, his position now exact for the aim Link had planned.

In his hurry Oscar gave no heed to the rough ground, a root, jerked up from the ground in a loop, caught one foot and over he sprawled on his face, a bullet cutting his cheek as he went, then the sharp crack of a rifle following stirred the air about his ears.

He had been shot at. Of this he was instantly certain. That his fall had come just in the nick of time to save him from its intended effect, he as instantly realized.

He could not see Link place his gun almost in the exact spot he had left it, and pick up his own. But he saw him cautiously steal out from the bushy fence and make for him where he lay.

The blood now running from the wound on his cheek, mingled with the dirt in which he lay, made the eye watching Link almost invisible. In the twinkling of a second Oscar realized that to spring to his feet now meant another bullet from the gun he believed Link had quickly reloaded. To feign a death struggle might prove best, and enable him to get at the revolver Clint had ordered him to take along when working alone. Clint had not given a reason, but he guessed now what it might be.

When Link saw the supposed dying body stiffen, then throw one hand out, then back in a struggle, he stopped and, lowering his gun, stood watching. If it was not necessary he would not risk another shot. The first might have roused some one fishing or hunting to come this way

Oscar's hand gripped the butt of the revolver, the thumb on the trigger, although from his position Link could not see this. Then he lay perfectly still, as though death had claimed him. Presently Link came creeping toward him, and being sure now that he was dead, put down his gun, using both hands to turn Oscar over.

That instant he was almost overturned by the supposed dead boy bounding to his feet. Ramming the revolver direct into Link's now colorless face, Oscar shouted:

"Up with your hands, you murderer!"

Oscar's face was frightful looking, covered with blood and dirt as it was. This, mingling with the shock he had given Link, and the quick realization that his plan to rid himself and father of Thomas Hartley's heir, and the probable consequence to follow, set Link's craven heart in a tremor. His hands shook so that he could scarcely hold them aloft. His appearance was pitiable, did not one know the thing he had tried to do.

"You tried to kill me, but I will be more merciful. Turn and walk ahead of me, hands still up. I will take you to your father and show him the manner of son he has raised. It may be that he sent you to kill me," Oscar announced forcibly.

Link had found his tongue on hearing the word merciful.

"I did not try to kill you. Never such a thought entered my head. I swear it! I shot at a duck that flew in the corn beyond you. I shot before I saw you. Believe me. Why, what would I want to kill you for? A dozen people saw me come in this direction. If you were found dead wouldn't I come under suspicion, immediately? I'm not a fool to risk the gallows. I was scared half to death when I saw you fall. If I'd have found you dead I'd a killed myself."

Link's words, because of his fright, sounded convincing. At that moment a duck flew in the corn back of where they stood.

"That's the duck. The very duck I shot at. Maybe you didn't see it, but it went across the patch. If I had known you were there I would have been more careful."

While Link was putting up his plea Oscar still holding the revolver leveled at his face, had stooped and secured his gun. To one who cannot commit crime himself crime seems almost impossible for another to commit. Oscar was weakening and Link saw it. A little more pleading on his part, and Oscar bade him face about and walk to the fence, but not until he had made him unload his pockets of all weapons.

"Now scoot for home!" he called out. "And after this I will keep a lookout for you. I only half believe your story. I will tell the circumstances to Clint and his brother. So, remember, if I am found somewhere lying around dead you will not get off so easy with these gentlemen as with me. Nothing Clint and some of his workmen would like better than the chance to string you up to some tree. Skedaddle, will you"

Link lost no time in getting out of range of Oscar's revolver. When he was out of sight along the reedy creek bottom, Oscar looked up his own gun. It had been discharged and Clint's left loaded

"After all, he lied," Oscar muttered. "He had some purpose hidden back for using my gun instead of his own. Mamsy and Daisy must not know this now, but I will tell Clint."

Clint's view, strongly put, was that only the fall had saved Oscar from instant death. "I'll keep these weapons of Link's for mementoes, and I'll go and tell his father of this circumstance, and tell him to give his son instructions to do better or there will be a double lynchin' in these parts. I'll give him understand that he may stand up and try to cheat you out of your rights, but when he undertakes to cheat you out of your life, I'm in it with both feet," Clint fairly howled.

Clint did as he threatened. Tackling Joshua Beam before the horrified Chinaman.

He ended his say with: "Next week the trial begins. If you lose, this country will be too hot for you. If the boy loses out, which he may, then I hope you will be satisfied and quit making attempts on his life. Mark me, sir, I'll not let him out of my sight until after the trial."

"Hard words, Mr. Scofield. Words for which you may yet settle in court. My character is not to be thus persistently attacked with impunity," Joshua Beam coldly replied.

"Very well, bring it to court, and that cub's character, also," with a turn of his thumb Link's way

When Clint had gone, after ordering John Lee from his presence, Joshua Beam questioned his son relative to the attempted tragedy, but Link was noncommittal. He left his father, declaring he didn't care a hooter whether the boy lived or died, survived or perished, just so he got the girl.

The first day of the trial arrived. As Oscar's lawyer afterward observed: "The time a farce was played in court, not a trial." The court found Oscar's proofs as to his kinship with the deceased conclusive. No question there. The proofs for Thomas Hartley's death took up the greater part of the short time given to the hearing, and were accepted as strongly conclusive. Maurice Scofield, aided by the notary's testimony, made a strong plea for the false character of the deed in evidence. Witnesses were found in plenty to testify to the evident sanity of Thomas Hartley up to the date of his departure; while others swore to his making statements of a sale of twenty acres, but not the whole of the estate. The witnesses brought from the region where he was said to have died and had been buried, testified to his clear intellect.

But all this evidence went by default. The ear of the court favored the defense. The experts found no evidence that a new deed had been substituted for the deed made out by William Morton. His signature was genuine; that of Thomas Hartley was not a forgery by any means, was their decision.

The lawyer for the defense blew out the sanity of Thomas Hartley with a puff of oratory. He proved by a witness known to never tell the truth when it would bring [illegible] to tell a lie, that William Morton was on the verge of delirium tremens the very night the deed was made. He brought up Morton's various other mistakes in filling out deeds, and called his memory in strong question on anything. [illegible] the blow came when he undertook to [illegible] collusion between Morton and the [illegible]s to get back Thomas Hartley's estate from the man who had bought it honestly, and divide the spoils. It was to Morton's interest to stand in with the false claimant, he tried to show.

Joshua Beam walked out of the courtroom triumphant, Maurice Scofield decidedly cast down and blue.

"You made a good fight," Clint told him. "That judge was against us. I could see that from the first. I know from the looks of the people that come to hear that they believed we had the right of it on our side."

"But, Clint, because they believe so doesn't help the matter any," Daisy sobbed.

"That's it, little girl," Maurice answered her. "The truth has been somehow sidetracked all around in this case. Where I failed to impress it upon the court that the deed was a forgery I cannot now tell, but somehow I believe that it was because I adopted Morton's view of a forgery of the whole instead of part. I weakened my case there."

"You weakened it nowhere," Mrs. Hartley firmly added. "The court would have accepted the deed as genuine no matter in what way you had gone at it to convince them. It was a foregone conclusion."

"And now it's all over," Oscar commented quite cheerfully. "There isn't one bit of use crying over spilled milk. I haven't allowed myself to hope a great big lot, so I'm not a great big lot disappointed. I'm not afraid to be poor, I'm not afraid to work. Lawyer Scofield, I thank you for your great interest in my case. If I can ever repay you I will. You did all in your power. You could do no more."

Oscar's laugh at the end of this rather long speech for him, was contagious. With the exception of the lawyer, the rest brightened up perceptibly.

"That's the way to look at the matter, I suppose," Maurice continued, giving Oscar a friendly slap on the shoulder. "You've got grit boy, and I'm glad of it. This loss of the case hurts me in such a way that if I saw you down in the mouth about it I'd [illegible] threshing myself for encouraging you to go through with it."

[illegible] Oscar [illegible] to his feet. "Let's [illegible] all about it and get back to work."

CHAPTER VII

OSCAR TURNS TRAPPER.

Schatka, when the trial was over, seemed in no hurry to get back to his native heath. Instead, he rented a tumble-down cabin on the outskirts of Tevis, and with a few sticks of old furniture picked up at random, installed old Wea there as housekeeper.

Schatka would not work, but spent his time mainly between one of the saloons in Tevis and a pile of straw designated by his [illegible] as Schatka's bed, which occupied one corner of the cabin. While at the saloon he was usually filling up while at home he was generally sleeping off the effects of filling up. When it was slept off Schatka repaired to the nearest grocery and bought some cheap food, which he brought home, ordering Wea to cook it for him. The old woman ate of the scraps he left, and did without further eating until such times as he had slept off the next drunken spree.

"Where he gets his money Maurice don't know," Clint told Oscar. "Schatka plead poverty when my brother wanted him to come here as a witness. Maurice paid for his bringing here, kept him before and during the trial, and when it was over and Schatka and Wea were given their witness fees, he wanted to send them back, but, no, Schatka was not ready to go. 'He liked the white man's town,' he told Maurice. Say, where'd you suppose that tippling heathen got or gets his money from to spend in that saloon?"

Oscar shook his head, suggesting: "Ask me something easier."

Some days after Oscar was [illegible] apples at the Tevis depot for shipment. Maurice had come down to the express office on some business, and paused at the side of the wagon to pass the time of day with the boy and ask after Mrs. Hartley [illegible]. An old woman, her dingy bonnet [illegible] much awry, came jolting along the [illegible] road from the town. Some strong mental emotion was dominating every jerk of her long, skinny frame.

"[illegible] if there don't come Granny McNabb!" Oscar remarked, poising one of the barrels for rest a moment, while he scanned the advancing figure.

"Don't come?" echoed the lawyer with a [illegible] coming like a wild engine."

"No time for [illegible] it should be spoken when Granny's about," Oscar answered, a slow grin taking the place of the look of wonder first showing.

Granny came up to the wagon, swinging her valise and wheezing with the exertion of walking so fast. With a curt nod Oscar's way, she began:

"Be you the lawyer that has been tryin' to git that boy, there, the land Josh Beam owns? I heard some men over in the town talkin' about it. First I knowed of it. Say," [illegible]ing nearer the lawyer and lowering her [illegible], "what'll you folks give me to tell you what sort Josh Beam was? I'd be a crack star witness fur you on his character. See? I don't keer if he is my nephew he's used me mean. Turned me out of his house awhile ago. Give me a hundred dollars awhile back to leave. I got sick afore I struck the border. They sent me to a hospital and took all my money fur doctorin' me. I come back here wantin' him to give me enough to git back home on, anyway. Say, Oscar, the strike's settled an' the [illegible] all back at work agin. You'd better kept your home and stayed there."

Granny had shifted from her subject, now she instantly veered back to it. "W'en I [illegible] Beam fur a couple hundred more if he didn't act as though he wus goin' to beat me right then an' there! What'll you give me to go in court an' tell that once he wus sentenced to the pen fur not only helpin rob a store but fur forgin' a note? I don't know which he was goin' fur that hitch. He always wus a slick duck, though he had a nice pa, who wus my brother. He broke jail the night before he wus to go over the road, and sneaked home, stole his [illegible] from the very bed his wife wus sleepin' in, an' made off with him. He's never been heard of since in them parts."

"Where was that?" the lawyer asked.

"No, you don't sneak up on me that way," the old woman coarsely replied. "Where that wus and his real name I'll testify to if you'll give me five hundred dollars, and not fur a cent less."

"Your testimony might have been worth that to us a few weeks ago, if true. You have not spoken in time. The case is settled, and should circumstances arise that would enable us to again open the case against him, then——"

Granny shut off further remarks by picking up her old valise and trotting off at a brisk pace in the direction of the depot.

The lawyer looked at Oscar and Oscar looked back in inquiring [illegible] into the lawyer's eyes, then asked:

"Would that evidence have helped our case?"

"Yes, because I would have sent for the authorities that prosecuted and held him in custody at that time. He is wanted, of course, in that town yet. You see, his good character had its influence on that judge and those experts; but a record for forgery in the past! Can't you see what it might have done for our cause?"

"It might have, but I don't know," [illegible] the dubious answer, and with this Oscar turned back to his work.

The lawyer did not lose sight of Granny. She had only a dollar left between herself and the alms house, but she had suddenly become frightened over the secret she was divulging because of anger for her nephew. If the case were already settled perhaps she had put her foot in it to her own hurt and really no great chance for revenge upon her nephew. She would get as far away as the dollar would carry her and trust to chance to get back home. She must wait two hours for a train going in any direction. That two hours Maurice made good. Granny was given enough money for the home trip with some beside, for all of which she had divulged Beams' true name, but not the name of the state or town in which he had lived previous to his advent into this land. Granny shrewdly held this back for a larger amount of money.

When Mrs. Hartley heard that better times now prevailed for the working portion of Oreston, she asked Oscar if he did not want to go back.

"I am doing better here," he responded. "But winter is at hand, and the work except the cutting of fire wood and [illegible] the cattle, will be over here, and [illegible]"

"I know what you are going to [illegible] feel that you are imposing upon strangers, but how much better you look! To [illegible] to Oreston might mean a loss of [illegible] you have gained [illegible]"

Clint had overheard this. "The boy is crazy to go trapping this winter, and I want him to try his hand at it, Mrs. Hartley. As for imposing, why, I owe you and Daisy big money for all that you have done for me. I cannot bear to you going. I am going to fit up a sleigh, and give her a gentle horse to drive to Tevis to school this winter. I know this must be a lonesome place for a girl." Clint's face bore an expression savoring of vexation that it must be so, and yet a stronger one telling that he was not going to let her go if possible to help it.

"I'm not one bit lonely," she stoutly answered. "Not one bit! But you are too [illegible]! Think of our board! You are always buying something for Daisy and me [illegible] slipping money in my pocketbook [illegible] you find it lying around, when you know that Oscar told you his wages were to keep us in wearing apparel. You are too kind. You do too much for us."

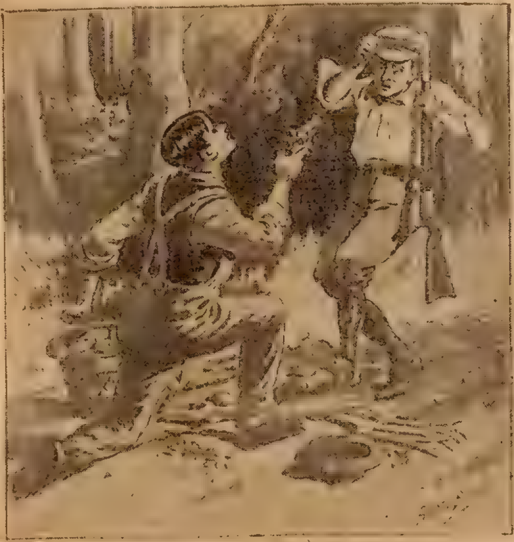
"Say, that just kills me off the earth. As [illegible] said when the raccoon told him he had a most beautiful face, one just exactly like a pug dog's: 'I just can't stand flattery at al'. Me good? Me kind? Well, not on your life in this case. It's you people conferrin' favors now." With this rejoinder Clint closed the conversation by hurrying out of the house, then calling for Oscar to come on and he would show him how to set traps along a small river, which here skirted the Scofield and Hartley land.

From April to November the hard work set in and continued for the rural residents of these parts. After this, the crops being put by, rest and recreation formed the order for the short, snowy days. Dances, merry makings of all kinds, toboggan parties, snowshoe races and hunting trips, occupied the hours of the young people, while sleigh bell chimes filled the crisp, [illegible]

Oscar participated in none of the pleasures. As Daisy had said:

"He would make hard work of hunting and fishing." This he did with trapping. Although the country about was well worked ground, and fur bearing animals scarce, yet Oscar's first trapping [illegible] had gone so far beyond his expectation that, in spite of his stepmother's orders, he pushed his traps farther and farther out until he had gone so far from the Tevis neighborhood as to be away days at a time. Each time he came back he came dragging a sled-load of the pelts he had secured.

"The boy's got the trappin' fever and it'll not let go until February. He's bound to make some money at it, too, for he's one, I see, never gives up for the difficulty or work conected with anything he wants. Them's the kind that [illegible] out somewhere in this world. As well let him go, an' not fret about him," Clint told Mrs. Hartley.



"Up with your hands!"

[illegible] the dear little innocent [illegible] he [illegible] complained.

"Oh, that isn't nothin'. If he didn't [illegible] 'em somebody else would. Some of them [illegible]ty Injuns most likely, an' they'd drink up the money. Farther up, where the Hudson Bay Company makes most of its

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trade, them Injuns reckon money with the red fox and sable skins—that is, these skins are their standard of value. Then," and Clint gave the girl a knowing smile, "it's you ladies wantin' to always be decked out in furs that makes the trade a payin' one. An' as for the animals themselves, it's tooth an' claw to keep alive with all of them, as the monkey said, when the eagle snapped up a snake that had just swallowed a toad that had been helpin' himself all mornin' to a farmer's honey bees 'Look out now,' repeats the monkey, 'You've got the whole menagerie in you now, but yonder comes a man with a gun. The whole shootin' match is his if you don't vamoose'."

"Did he vamoose?" asked Daisy.

"I think so. They mostly do. Catch an eagle if you can. Such a thievin', ornery bird, too. What you ever choose it for? Your country ought to looked after an old hen or something like that for a fittin' coat of arms. Somethin' useful, you know?"

"Yes, I know," the girl replied, "but I wasn't old enough to get in that conference. Why didn't you have Johnny England choose a cow for a coat of arms instead of no account lion, a murdering, rapacious beast? Eh?"

"Oh dear me!" the little stepmother thought, a vague alarm darkening her eyes as she gazed out on the snow now driving in deeply from the north, "how young people can forget and be happy! Clint and Daisy joking and laughing over every trifle, and that darling boy of mine perhaps lying dead at the foot of some cliff, or eaten by prowling wolves, or it might be entombed alive beneath the snow in some canyon. I've read of such mishaps." But she did not show her feelings to her companions, for she had felt other presentiments of evil happening to Oscar, and he had come back, smiling and unhurt.

As it happened though, at that very minute, Oscar was beginning to realize that he had lost his way from the camp he had made in the shelter of a cairn of rocks projecting from a hillside. The morning had dawned bland when he had set out to his day's work; by noon it was darkening, and before he had eaten lunch, which he carried in an old haversack strapped to his back, the snow was again steadily falling, dangerous signs which Oscar, because of inexperience, could not heed in time to get back to camp.

By the middle of the afternoon a blizzard was raging over him, and before it should have been night, he knew that he was lost in a wilderness affording no shelter from the icy wind.

On and on he fought and plodded, his sled and morning's take of game and pelts abandoned. The ice in the wind had penetrated his lungs, sending sharp pains through their texture. The snow, and the white shrouded trees about him, rising like giant tombstones from the flat ground, proved finally his only light when the wind, for one moment, would shift its burden so that he could see. Finally, all disappeared and he only knew where he fought and covered a space of ground by his bumping against other trees. Direction had long been lost to him and death was surely waiting when his feet no longer could carry him.

Breathless, at last, he fell against something not a tree, the side of a snow covered hut, for when he straightened up from the fall, a faint light smote the whirling snow about him. To his hoarse call a voice responded, then the sound of crutches thumping up to a door, and a groaning which quavered "Lord he'p them az hez the rheumatiz in thur legs, an' them out sech a night. At this groan Oscar fell into the open door, and crawled to the fireplace.

After awhile, the rest and heat having somewhat relieved the pain in his breast, Oscar arose and began to divest himself of his heavy boots and the burden on his back, explaining.

"I was completely lost. My camp is near Riding Cliff River."

"You've wandered a good ways from there, my boy," the old man returned. "You must be new to the country or you'd a put into port by noon. I've been in the trappin' business here all my life. I've lived alone in this cabin now nigh on to thirty years. Lately I've been havin' the rheumatiz, and it's knockin' my makin' a living. Over at Fort Ellery I've some friends. Some day they will come lookin' the old man up. They will find the body here. That's all. My name is Smith. John Smith. Common name. Don't tell nothin' that name don't, but I never disgraced it, anyway. What's your name?"

Oscar told his name, then proceeded to open the haversack and lay out some fresh fish, speared that morning, some biscuits and doughnuts from an oiled bag, coffee and a tin of preserves.

The old man's eyes glistened. "Looks like some woman had a hand in this," he observed. "I have a time grub-staking these days. Can neither trap or cook."

"Never mind," Oscar said: "I will try and see that you don't starve. My coffee pot isn't big enough for two. Where's your old pan to fry these fish in? Mamsy always insists on me taking plenty of lard along to do my frying with. As I sometimes must cook far from camp I have a little yet in this tin jar."

The old man was so delighted with Oscar's skilful hand at cooking, as he described it, that Oscar said: "When I go back home next time I will bring you something that is good to eat."

After the supper the two proceeded to get quite friendly, and Oscar discovered that while the old man could keep him well entertained with trapping stories, and with useful information on the habits and haunts of the animals he now sought, he also treasured a goodly lot of Indian trapper superstition. He asked Oscar if he had ever seen any strange tracks in the snow, half human, half animal, then sometimes changing to wholly one or the other, but always with an appearance that would tell you that the somehting was not exactly human or animal in its shape.

Oscar said he had not, although he had often noticed tracks mingling and intermingling of man and animal.

"Well, the thing I tell you of is a Wednego. It's a spirit. Sometimes looks like a big white horse, sometimes a great moose, sometimes a man, an Indian, then again, a little old Frenchman. It will come along [illegible] meal's victual [illegible] with you, [illegible] you, and [illegible] As [illegible] track."

"[illegible]" Oscar asked.

"Yes, I do, and I'm not the only one that does in these parts. You may not, but take my advice and don't step across the Wednego's tracks. It's an Indian devil, and they're as [illegible]nerous after death as before."

John Smith told Oscar of other such spooks and devils, to all of which Oscar listened, well interested, although he did not believe there were such strange beings lurking about this country.

When the morning had come and Oscar took his bearings, he found that he had drifted a long distance from his late camp, and, as the old man told him, into a lonely and almost uninhabited section, where the animals he wanted lurked in plenty.

"For a long time," the old man said, "I've worked this section, and these creeks alone. Why the Injuns didn't push in here I can't say onless it's because it's seech a lonely hole, an' the Wednego is said to hold high jinks sometimes over yonder where the hills begin to rise up skeery like. You stay here, my son, an' make your campin' spot in this cabin. It's better shelter than rocks an' open woods, an' I'll put you onto some tricks in the fur gitting trade that'll be a help to you. I'm lonely for company, anyway."

The trips Oscar made back home were fewer now for awhile, and made to get provision, an extra amount of which he brought for John Smith, as well as medicine and some extra home comforts, which Mrs. Hartley insisted on sending with Oscar for his old host.

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER CLOSE CALL.

On one of Oscar's trips back to the place he now called home, Clint informed him that the authorites of Tevis had been after Schatka for neglecting old Wea.

"Seems as if the old squaw has been right sick lately, and Schatka will not take care of her. Some charitable women took her some grub and blankets, and Schatka pitched it all out after them. Guess he 'bout scared them women to death. War whooped and cut up high jinks. They run like all possessed. Then the sheriff took a hand. Told him to quit his drinkin' and get a doctor for his grandmother, and see that she was cared for, or there would be trouble in the camp, forthwith. Don't know whether he minded the sheriff or not. That big, red nothin' of an Indian has money. Plenty of it."

Clint had not bothered to tell Oscar of another incident. Did not want to worry him, he explained to Mrs. Hartley. "He's doing so well in the pelt business now, and maybe he'd want to quit it and take Daisy away from here. I'm capable of looking after the kid."

Daisy had come down stairs one morning declaring that she would go no more to school in Tevis. She had not wanted to tell, but for some time now Link had been waylaying her between home and school and pressing his love upon her. He had shadowed the school house, and accosted her on the street. Yesterday he had drawn a revolver threatening to shoot not only himself but her if she did not return his love. "He meant it, too," Daisy said with a shiver.

"No doubt, no doubt," Clint returned, the ruddy color gone from his cheeks. "It's such as he that does just such foolish and awful things. If they'd only rid the world of their own carcases; but, not they must always take some innocent parties with them. I'll see that pious mouthed Josh Beam and tell him what I intend to do with that boy of his if he don't see after him better. You will go on to school just the same, Daisy, and I will keep an eye on that lad. If he turns a eyelash your way after this I'll shoot him."

The interview between Clint and Joshua Beam was short but to the point on Clint's part. When he had gone, Link's father knew that unless his boy kept himself out of Daisy's presnce prompt measures would be taken to have him sent where he could not go abroad except with a guard at his heels.

"Understand it, John Casey," Clint ended the interview with as he walked out of the door. "You see I know your right name. Why didn't you put it on that deed you forged, Eh?"

Maurice had not given Clint the right to let out the name Granny McNabb had told him, but Clint, under the exigency of the case in hand, chose to use it. And nearly to the undoing of Oscar.

What pressure Beam brought upon his son was not known, but from that on he avoided Daisy.

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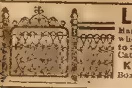

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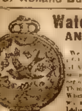

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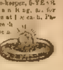

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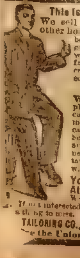

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Beam gave small heed to the name flung at him. In fact, his eyebrows raised in wonder, his face turned about as though Clint had addressed some one back of him and this threw the young man himself into a sort of wonder whether he might have overshot the mark, and Granny been merely working a cinch for some spending money.

Secretly, Beam was frightened? How had the Scofields come upon this page from out his past? It did not occur to him that his aunt had been blabbing. "As long as that boy remains in this land there will be trouble with the Scofields. And the boy himself, where is he now? I must look him up," he repeated to himself, when Clint had gone.

When Oscar had come home telling of his new found friend, Mrs. Hartley was glad. It had seemed terrible to think of Oscar trapping alone, without companion or guide. She could not fix enough dainties she declared, for the old man, and with all the good victuals that she sent him, Clint chucked in a big bottle of a famous rheumatism remedy, ordering Oscar to see that the old man took every "smidgin" of it.

The night after Oscar's return, John Smith said to him:

"You've red fox pelts and gray fox pelts but not a single silver or black fox pelt, have you? Them's the pelts that pay big."

"I thought silver and black foxes were the same. They are scarce here," Oscar answered.

"I know some think them the same, but I see a big dif'rence. There's some as silvery as silver. There's some as black as coal. That last is the rare one anywhere. I know they've been well cleaned out here; but say, boy, there's an old vixen hides in these parts that's a black beauty. I saw her last year, first, with five cubs. All black as she. She limped some. By noticin' the tracks, I found that her right, hind foot was gone. She's been in a trap some time, and pulled it off. I saw her once again last summer. Just a glimpse, four of the cubs, now nearly her size, skulkin' after her. She's that sly you can't get a shot at her or that black family, nor will one of them fall into a trap."

"I think that I have run into that stump track. I thought of what you once said of the Wednego's changing track."

"Don't make fun, my lad, so sure's as you do the Wednego makes itself known to you," the old man soberly answered.

"I wish to goodness I could run onto that black vixen or one of her cubs. I would send either or both alive to some zoological institute," Oscar said, eagerly.

"Seems funny that she sticks to the last black cubs the way she does. I s'pose her mate is dead, though, an' they hang together, not mixin' with the other foxes."

"I've seen sable tracks following the black fox tracks, that is, unless there is another stump foot fox in these regions," was Oscar's next suggestion.

"Sables and foxes sometimes bunk together, but oftener it is the badger and the fox. Pine martins we call what you call sable."

"Pine martin, sable or black fox, badger, or whatever the combination, I'm bound to find that lair," Oscar announced forthwith.

After this he could not stir abroad without thought of the black vixen and her gang. He brought a fox hound with him from Clint's, and with its aid, a dozen times sighted that stump track, intermingling with other tracks, but mainly those of other foxes. "The black fox still sticks to her family, but now there are just three left. Something or somebody has picked off the rest," Oscar thought.

At last the dog located the hole into which led the stump track, but came out after awhile evidently either frightened or puzzled. The hole, very close to the brink of a small backwater to a larger stream, finally narrowed too small for the dog to pass through. Traps set within this burrow, screens placed over the opening, and long hours spent in watching, failed to bring sight of the game sought.

"The hole may be a blind. A fox knows nearly as much as some men. It comes out at another hole farther on," John Smith told him.

"If I get one of them, or more, half the money is yours," Oscar answered.

Working on this clue, he again took up the quest, and without the help of the dog, located the end of the hole an eighth of a mile further along the stream, the stump track here faintly visible. From this spot he followed it to the cliffs beyond where it was lost. Lower down again it came in sight, the animals using the snow covered rocks above for a jumping off place. From here the tracks disappeared under thorny bushes that in summer time must completely shut off sight of the hole into which they disappeared.

A large and almost square rock shelved over the opening into their den. Oscar pushed his way up to the rock and knelt down to reconnoitre. It was no trick to get under the rock if you did so in a very low, stooping position.

As he took off his snow shoes and unbuckled the haversack from his back, he felt like shouting "Eureka," so sure was he that he had located the home of the black fox. Divested of these, with a piece of candle in his hand, and pushing his gun ahead, he squirmed in the low but rather wide hole. "That rock is shaky," he thought as he went in. "Isn't much holding it in place."

The hole extended in but twice the length of his body, then opened into a small cavern in which he realized that he could stand upright. Lighting the candle, Oscar looked about him. Ahead of him was a wall of solid rock with one opening reaching to the roof of rock. Beyond must be other rooms.

As he cautiously advanced he heard the swish of bushy tails, the patter of soft feet, flying ahead of him.

"I'd better close the hole I came in at," he said aloud. Some fragment of stone lay in this first small chamber. It was quick work to roll a few of these up to the hole directly opening into the cavern. "If they are black fox I must take them without damage to the fur," he then said, being so much alone having brought a habit of talking to himsefl. A groan answered his remark.

"Gee, now, what's that?" he asked as he cautiously entered the next cuddy hole, this one smaller than the first, but with a small tunnel leading out at one corner.

Holding the candle aloft, Oscar gazed down at a blanketed bundle lying by a water jug. Cautiously advancing, he peered down to meet the gaze of a beady, black eyes set in a lacework of brown wrinkles.

"Who in the land are you, and how came you here?" he asked.

For a full minute the eyes, now luminous with some light, surely unearthly, he thought, regarded him, then the lips moved in stiff manner, and from them issued three words in very good English.

"Wea, Wea, water."

"Wea?" he answered, then hastily picked up the jug and shook it to assure himself it might be water, tasting it to be further sure before he placed it to the lips that clung to it so long he felt sure the old Indian woman was bound to kill herself with water.

As he waited for her to get enough water, a dull sound echoed through the little cavern. "My menagerie must be getting out at some other hole than the one I came it at," he said.

When Wea was through drinking, and he had eased her hot head back again to the rock floor, thinking, what a bed for an old woman to die on, he went to look after the foxes. Far down the little tunnel from off this chamber he could see the gleam of their eyes, hear a spitting bark and snarl.

It was narrow, but he could walk upright, throwing the light of his candle over the walls. It was simply a water worn hole in the rocks, the tunnel he had come in being the outlet, and the only egress now to the outside. The water had long disappeared, for everything about was perfectly dry.

Three badgers, one sable and four shining foxes! The vixen, or mother fox much the largest! "What beauties! What prizes!" Oscar uttered the words between his teeth as he carefully backed out, referring to the black foxes.

Round and about the cavern, he peered, to note that not another hole existed large enough to let them out until the fox were taken out in cages. This done, he next gave his attention to Wea who was reviving. Sitting down very near to the old woman, Oscar bade her tell how she came to be so far from Tevis, and in this hole.

"Schatka brought me. I was sick. He would not have a doctor," she responded in English, but slow and halting. "They come and told him he must take care of me or they arrest him. He give no heed. He said to me: 'You too old to doctor. You a nuisance to me. You ought to be dead.' Some of our people, farther to the setting sun, do that way. When the old get sick they take them out and way in the lonely places to die. That saves burial. The birds and wolves do that.

"Then Schatka had a fight with a man in a saloon. A white man. He cut him bad with a knife. He knew he must go now. He came in and picking me up in this blanket carried me far in his arms one night. Then he came on a white range pony, eating corn stalks in a field. He stole the pony and brought me away to this lonely place. We rode a long ways, and I did not know much. It was a dream. Schatka wanted to get me far enough away that nobody find me again. He see this place and poke me in here, and leave the jug of water beside me. That is all I remember until awhile ago I began to know again, and wanted water but could not reach it. Good boy, good white boy! You will not let Wea die in this place where the black devils with eyes of fire come and look at Wea in the half dark? You will take Wea out and let her die with a priest to tell his beads over her, and be buried as our priests make them bury us. Good white boy! Wea liked his face and was sorry that bad man took away his uncle's land from him. Wea would have helped the white boy if she could."

Wea's voice failed her and she lay gasping. Again Oscar held the water to her lips, after which he carried her to the opening of the cavern, and rolling away the stones he had placed there was surprised, except for one small ray of light at the right hand corner of the front entrance, to be met with blank darkness.

Crawling into the hole, he placed his hands against the obstruction shutting him in, now wondering and anxious. Pushing and pressing until the blood was ready to burst from eyes and brain, he finally gave it up. The rock tilting over the entrance had loosened its hold and fallen, burying him alive. The dull thud he had heard was now accounted for.

"It was ready to fall, and I somehow

A Baby in the House

No joy or pleasure on this earth quite equals that which comes into the home when baby arrives. Who can describe the happiness of man and woman, joined in wedlock, as they look upon the delicate mite that is blood of their blood and flesh of their flesh? And who can depict the hopelessness and dejection that hover about the home where the wife is incapable of becoming a mother? Barrenness proceeds from some derangement of the distinctly feminine organs. Many of the common ailments known as "female troubles" cause it.

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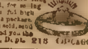

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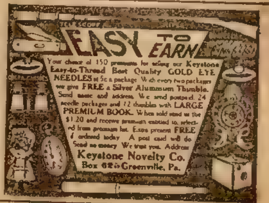

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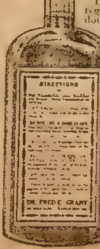

March [illegible]

DR. F. E. GRANT,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Doctor:—I wish to testify in regard to what your medicine has done for me. I was troubled with Epilepsy for 14 years, and tried our best physicians and many different remedies but each made me worse instead of better. I happened to see your ad. in the paper, and from the day I began to take your medicine I improved. It is now two years since I have taken the medicine and I feel strong and healthy.

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OWES HER HEALTH

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Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, your Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house.

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls to build them up and make them strong and well. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has always helped her.

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to these wonderful medicines."—Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

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proved the last straw that sent it down," he groaned in despairing way. Could he have seen, but one moment after he had disappeared in the hole, a great hairy form, from which peeped strangely mottled eyes and a sharp white nose, steal down the crags, and after looking about for a stone large enough to close the entrance to the cave, and finding nothing suitable, suddenly give the tilting stone a shake, the next instant bounding on top of it, bringing down all of its weight upon it by strong pressure until it creaked and loosened, and as the strange form made a backward leap from off the stone, scattering snow and particles of ice, down it went, covering the opening into the little cavern.

Then, stooping, the hairy form picked up the snowshoes and haversack. Farther on they were dropped over a cliff, where they fell from sight into a clump of small pine bushes.

This done the form went [illegible] ing strides, a strangely hairy [illegible] the mottled eyes. It skirted a stretch of forest, crossed the river, and came, unknowingly, very near to John Smith's cabin. The old man, taking a martin from a trap [illegible] the slide of snowshoes, looked up, then dropped the martin, his aged form shaken with fright.

"Heaven help me!" he murmured with chattering teeth. "I never saw it take that form before! If that boy sees its tracks he will be sure to walk straight over them. Do it just in daring, and then—"

But Oscar had already crossed this Wildnego's tracks some months before, and was paying the penalty for doing so.

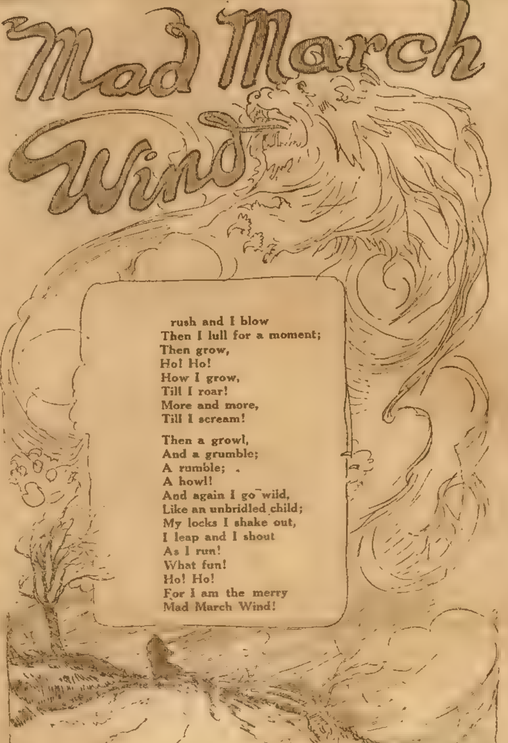
This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

Toad Raising for Profit.

Donald McClanahan of Edinburgh, inspired by the grasshopper plague which at present threatens crops in that section, proposes to establish a toad farm near Greeley, Col., as a move toward the extermination of the insect pests, the York telegram says. McClanahan believes he can realize handsome profits from the venture.

"I came here because I thought it would be a good place to begin operations," he said. "The farmers will bless me when they see what the toads can do. One full-grown toad will in thirty days devour 700 cutworms, 1,0000 ants, 150 weevils and 140 ground beetles. They have prodigious appetites, and nothing can compare with them as insect exterminators. In England toads bring a shilling apiece, and I am confident the farmers in Colorado will be glad to pay 25 cents for them."

Mad March Wind



rush and I blow
Then I lull for a moment;
Then grow,
Ho! Ho!
How I grow,
Till I roar!
More and more,
Till I scream!

Then a growl,
And a grumble;
A rumble;
A howl!
And again I go wild,
Like an unbridled child;
My locks I shake out,
I leap and I shout
As I run!
What fun!
Ho! Ho!
For I am the merry
Mad March Wind!

Adrift on an Iceberg.

(Continued from page three.)

way upon her, though in the freaky her cloth drew fitfully.

Occasionally the well was sounded, nothing but bilge was found below.

In time all the furnishings of the chambers were brought off and restor their proper place in the ship. Drake about to give order to hoist the boats men appeared on the icy shore and be shout wildly, begging that they, too taken aboard.

"Minker's gang!" muttered the cap "I had forgotten them!"

"They implore mercy," said Dorothy itatingly.

"Will they attack us if they are take the ship?" asked Mary.

"They can be made prisoners," r her sister.

"What's the temper of the major those fellows?" asked Drake, turn Peter Smith. "You say there are d hands there. How many, and how ugly ones?"

"The leaders o' the gang are all d Peter replied. "Three or four were k an' drowned when the first big fl broke off, last night, an' you kno Minker died. Beggin' your pardon, s I think half o' them who now live are disposed, though some o' them took a while to repent o' their evil deeds; a for the rest, why, their animosity about scared out o' them."

"Just my idea. We will take them al We outnumber them greatly and need no fear. Mr. Taylor, man the boats and fetch them off."

"What about those who went adrift the berg broke away?" asked Dorothy ly. "Father, we musn't forget them."

"Thunder!" growled the skipper. " we take all that crew aboard? Whe that other half of the berg, anyhow? to see it."

"Sister and I have been using the and have sighted it two points on weather bow, as we now lie."

Drake pulled viciously at his beard, tating profoundly.

"They are New Bedford lads!" he murmured gently. "Ahoy, the crew, w your mind? Jerry Boxx, what do you

"Speakin' for myself, sir, I say that take them aboard an' they kick up an we can lick them into mince-meat a half try. There is enough on us, s we've got the beef to do it."

"That settles it. We will pick up body that's alive. Mercy has been to us by a higher power, and we won get the example."

And thus it was that, when the men had been brought off, the beat out from the lee of the berg an sail for its consort. The Sea P [illegible] in humble [illegible] needed, their fragment [illegible] condition than the main portion.

At two o'clock the work was fully and the Peggy's bows were point home and the start made. Drake was ful not to give her a press of canv she was tried and found seaworth frequent soundings of the well brou same good news. She was taking water.

Dorothy and Mary watched the m disappear astern. The time came wh Mount Washington was to be seen, an that once massive peak [illegible] They were in latitude 43 degrees, 1 utes, 5 seconds, and it was certain few days would reduce the ice to wa

The voyage home was as peaceful stay in the Arctic had been thrilling survivors of the Sea Pilot behave meekness, and most of them were si glad events had turned as they had regretted Minker, but they were enough to hold their tongues.

Solon Wing remained mildly and it was always his hobby to thi the sails of the ship were Arcti which were bearing them homeward skimming planes. It was not until later that he was restored to re even then he was obliged to aba sea for other callings. To the e life mention of the Arctic gave h treme agitation.

New Bedford had the greatest s of its career when the Peggy dropped within its harbor and its remarkab was told. Sage sea captains pro mathematical figures that the tale w possible until Drake had explained o over again. Then they were comp believe, but the verdict was gene the wharves and in the sailors' reso the captain must have used the ar wizard, else his ship never would mounted an iceberg and then be launched without making wreck.

The crew of the explorers' vesse home safely in the fall of the year they had lived on inland stores, the glad to know that the supplies of t eral Washington had served other well.

Ruel served under Drake two f ages subsequently, after which he wa command of the merchant ship Sw Before his first voyage on her quart he was married to Dorothy. At th time Mary became the wife of a skipper. Jerry Boxx, promoted to under Ruel, graced the ceremony w presence, and then went home t who had waited for him while he w in the Arctic, and, dancing his son u knee, once more told to him and h the strange story of the Dancing Pe

The end.

Walking for Slimness

The young woman who started on a walk to Tampa, Fla., for the purpose of earning $1,000 and reduc weight from 180 pounds to a mor figure" may win the money, but t who remember the experience o who walked from Boston to Portla back a few years ago [illegible] to the weight question, accor New York Tribune. The Boston turned to her home s lighter in weight, "but the all too solid flesh," according to h testimony, "was shortlived. Two later I had my old weight and not show for the walk but the snapshot taken on the road."

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PASTOR RUSSELL'S SERMON

The Famous Minister of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Speaks to the People Through the Ledger Each Week.

stor Russell on the Atlantic Ocean Homeward Bound.

STOR RUSSELL

ON THE ATLANTIC.—Pastor Russell clared that the billowy seas recalled the narrative of St. Matthew (viii, 27) respecting the time when Jesus and his Apostles were overtaken by storm on the Sea of Galilee. The storm was so violent that even the experienced fishermen were in terror and wakened their Master Jesus. The latter, weary with travel and preaching, was sound asleep in a little cabin at the stern of the vessel. They appealed to him, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Then Jesus arose and, at his com- nd the storm ceased and a great calm vailed. Then it was that his fishermen- ciples exclaimed, "What manner of man this, that even the winds and waves obey ?"

he speaker declared that although more n eighteen centuries had passed, the e question is going the rounds of most lized peoples of the world—"What man- of man is this?" Some of the best kers and noblest hearts of all national-, Jew and Gentile, agree that Jesus of reth was a most wonderful man. It is agreed, as in the days of his presence, "never man spake like this man!" ne, indeed, called him a deceiver. Others l that he was under the control of evil its. Others, going to the opposite ex- me, declared that this great Jew was ovah himself, who, for the time, was querading as a man.

man should be judged by his own ds and not by the words of others, ther friends or foes. As we promptly ct the testimony of his enemies as con- ictory to the facts, so when the friends esus contradict his own words in their avor to honor him, they should not be wed. Their counsels respecting what do not know should be as thoroughly cted as those of his enemies, when they radict his own testimonies. Pastor sell contends that the greatest of all s told the truth about himself, as well about other matters in his "wonderful ds of life." He declared, "My Father reater than I" (John xiv, 28). He de- ed that he delighted to do his Father's d that he had come into the world to even at the cost of self-sacrifice and self-denial even unto death (Hebrews). When he prayed to the Father with ng cryings and tears in Gethsemane brews v, 7) he was not shamming. He not perpetrating fraud and deceiving disciples then and since.

sus declared that the Father sent him that he delighted to come in obedience ehovah's will, to be his agent and ser- in the outworking of a great plan for an redemption. Those who deny all of and who have awakened so much con- n amongst Christians, and have made Gospel of Christ impossible to the Jew, ld give an account of themselves and ain by what authority they contra- d the Great Teacher—"The Father is ter than I." And when they claim that death of Jesus was merely a farce, and he as Jehovah merely stepped out of Body of Jesus and perpetrated a fraud pretended to be dead and aroused his ples so to think and so to teach, and nded later to be raised from the dead se who thus teach and who thus con- the minds of all Christendom and y, should explain away, if they can, lain statement of the Apostle that God d up Jesus from the dead by his own on the third day.

stor Russell declared that "Adam was ed in the image and likeness of God," hence that God was manifested in 's flesh. Still more so was he mani- l in "The man Christ Jesus" (I Tim- ii, 5). The Scriptures declare most ely that Jesus had a previous exist- on the spirit plane and that he volun- consented to be made flesh for the rking of Jehovah's Plan. He was not er like others. His life was directly erred at his birth from the spirit to man plane. Thus he was a partaker man nature on his mother's side only, is life was unimpaired—"holy, harm- separate from sinners." Thus as a t man he was the corresponding price ather Adam at thirty years of age. e was "God manifest in the flesh," in me manner that Adam was before he

more than this, he obtained a special g which Adam never knew. At the f his consecration to death at his n he received the anointing of the pirit and begetting again to the spirit as the Anointed One—the Anointed and King for Israel and through to the world. By virtue of that ng he became the special ambass- Jehovah—his special representative st men. Thereafter he was God st in the flesh in a far higher sense as Adam. Thus was this Wonderful he Son of The Man, and, by the be- of the holy Spirit, specially also the God.

speaker reminded his hearers that ebrew prophets had foretold this ss of the Messiah, who at the Di- appointed hour will assume the do- of earth, setting up by Divine au- his Mediatorial Kingdom, which, housand years, will reign triumph- inding Satan and sin in its every nd setting at liberty every good e of righteousness for the blessing under the New Covenant (Jere- i, 31) and through Israel the bless- ery nation. "Unto him every knee and every tongue confess, when pledge of the Lord shall fill the il. ii, 10, 11; Heb. ii, 14).

Jehovah through the Prophet Daniel called this great Messiah Michael, and tells that when he shall stand up, when he shall take his authority and begin his rule, there will be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation, incidental to the inauguration of the Empire of Righteousness, for the purpose of bringing peace on earth and good will amongst men.

Michael, the speaker said, signifies One like God—a godlike one. Whoever, therefore, believes in Messiah from this standpoint must not expect a human Messiah of flesh and blood. He must expect just such an One as the Scriptures declare Jesus now to be—the glorified Son of the Highest. Moreover, the New Testament, after telling that this Great Messiah must reign until he shall have put all enemies under his feet, in subjection, tells also that then he will in turn, at the close of his Mediatorial reign, deliver up the Kingdom to God, even the Father, that Jehovah may be all in all. There is no suggestion, therefore, on the part of Jesus or his Apostles that at all corresponds with the absurd suggestions and contradictions of those who claim that Jesus was his own Father—that the Father and the Son are the same person under two names.

"Flies in the Ointment" Pastor Russell's subject next week.

Habit of Borrowing.

Borrowing is a universal habit. Every one condemns borrowing and everybody borrows. People borrow everything, from money to pins, from friends, acquaintances and strangers.

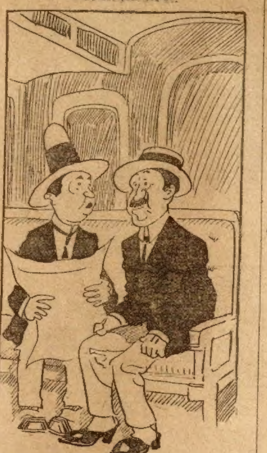
Probably the first case of borrowing on record was when a rib was borrowed from Adam to make Eve. Since Eve was immediately given to Adam, it was also the quickest repayment on record. And Adam received interest on the loan. Orginally he had only a rib, but afterward he had a "rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

People do not draw the line at borrowing retail; they want to borrow wholesale. Thus Antony in opening his speech to the Romans, said, "Lend me your ears," just when the owners had most need of them. So the magician today says: "Kindly lend me your attention." If you go about where men are working you will often be requested to "lend a hand," and more than one man has heeded a request to "lend his influence," and never got it back.

Strangers come up to you on the street and ask you to let them have the time of day, and when a man wants to sell you anything he generally begins by asking if you can spare an hour.

I may have borrowed some of these ideas, but if I have I don't know who owns them, so there's no use trying to give them back. —Judge.

Coincidence.



"That's the last time I'll invite Jones to dinner."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Have you any idea how expensive an appetite a man has who has been living on his wife's cooking?"

A Fish With Hands.

A most extraordinary creature was dredged up from the bottom of the sea, not long since, near the northern shores of Australia. The body was that of a fish, but, wonderful to relate, it had, in the place of fins, four legs, terminated by what might be called hands, by which it made its way over the coral reef. When placed on the skylight of the steamer, the fish stood up on its four legs, a sight to behold! It was small, and something like a lizard, but with the body of a fish!

The land animals of Australia are noted for their peculiar forms and structure, but, according to the above, as described before the Royal Society, they are even less nondescript than those inhabitng the Australian seas.

Professor White, of Melbourne, tells strange tales about rats. He says a little island upon which he and his companions pitched their tents was overrun with them, and, what most extraordinary, they were of every color, from black to yellow, and some tortoise-shell.

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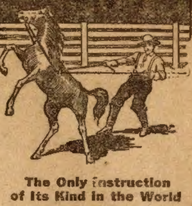

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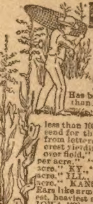

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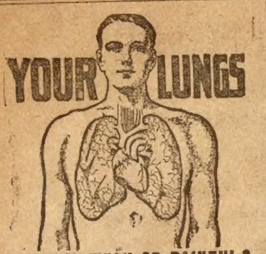

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A Daughter of Chiefs;

Or, THE GIRL FROM HOME

By Newton Gulick

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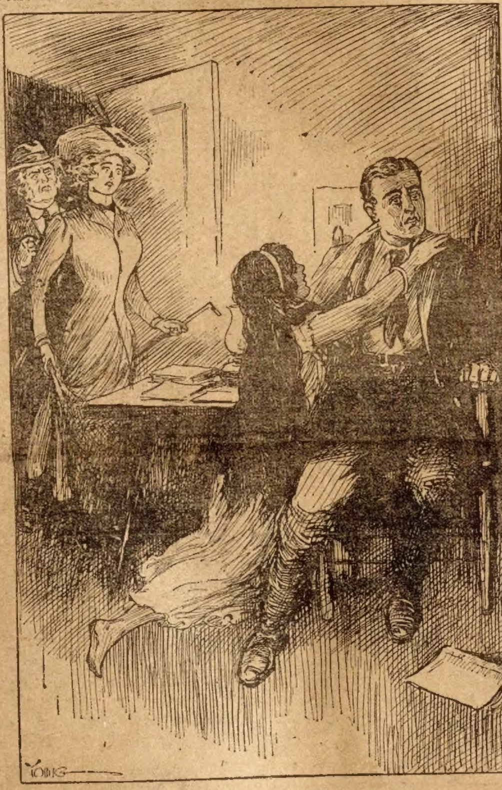
FOR two years Philip Harmon had lived at En Palme, as engineer in chief of the Cambao Cart Road; two years of loneliness, of monkish existence, the monotony alone broken by an occasional visitor, a trip into the capital, Bogota, or a four days' mule back ride down into the hot country to Cambao on the Magdalena, the other end of the road.

Harmon had come out from the States, fresh from a post graduate course at Yale, strong mentally and physically, with a three year contract with the American company which held the road concession from the Colombian government.



They were oblivious for the moment.

Not many men could have endured the loneliness, the sobbing quiet of those days and nights there in the mists in the very heart of the Andes. Harmon was a big man in every sense of the word; big in mind, in body and in character, which had that rare combination of mastery, of quiet domination of men and things, and a gentleness which attracted people and animals alike to him. Six feet two, broad in proportion, clean shaven, keen blue eyes, hair the color of golden maize, he was good to look upon, and every one liked him, from his chief assistants to the lowest peons who fed his pigs and turkeys, for there at En Palme he had a miniature farm, unique in that it combined the domestic and the wild. There were chickens, turkeys, pigeons, ducks and ant eaters, puma cubs, and a variety of monkeys, tamed by their master until they were creatures almost domestic.

The house lay close to the road—house and office. Just here the old rough mule trail from Honda joined the new road and the American company held the right to collect toll from the pack mule owners and the ox-cart people.

Harmon stood the days very well, for his duties kept him busy, but the evenings, the nights, there lay the eternal loneliness; a solitary dinner, a cigar or pipe, a book, music from his phonograph, brought at great expense from the States, or a one-sided conversation with his favorite hound; nothing else save to slip on a rurana, walk out into the chilly night air and think of the girl at home, the girl who was the incentive for all this; this patience, this solitude, this work, which was to prove him, to give him a start toward big things, to make him worthy in her eyes, in the eyes of her father, who was the president of the Cambao Carreteria Company.

Harmon had met the girl when at college, and in meeting her loved her in all the strength of a strong nature's first love.

They saw much of each other thereafter. His bearing told the girl he loved her, though he never spoke a word of love to her, believing he must first make a name for himself in the world.

Their parting on his leaving "God's country," had been brief; the girl realized the light, the great tenderness in the man's clear blue eyes; the man saw nothing, nor imagined the exquisite suffering of the girl, who saw her lover go out into the unknown, into possible fevers and angers.

There were letters, monthly letters, friendly epistles on the girl's side, telling of balls, theaters and dinners; the man's letters, cheerful, never a word of complaint of the lineliness of it all. But the girl knew, reading between the lines, and suffered in consequence.

The girl's last letter had been the most wonderful occurrence in Harmon's two dreary years. It told of the possibility of her accompanying her father to Colombia on an inspection trip, the date not decided.

Visitors to En Palme marveled at Harmon's manner of living. He lived well, his food was good, his house servants quiet barefooted Indian boys, were excellent, but his guests marveled he had no housekeeper; no dark-eyed, dark-skinned Indian girl, to supply his wants, mend his clothes, and do his catering. Did not every foreigner living as Harmon did, have an Indian girl, and tiring of her, replace her with one younger, more lovely, riper of face and figure? Of course Harmon realized this, knew how his distant neighbors lived, but it was repugnant to him, and there was always the thought of the girl at home to give him courage.

Two miles below, on the road lay the bamboo shack of Antonio Veugochoae, section boss, boss by reason of descent from the ancient chiefs of the Chibchas, which inspired the peon laborers with a certain respect, a respect which made them work the harder for their twenty pesos a day. Antonio lived with his chosen woman there in the heart of the Andes, his child, Petronelia, his two pigs and his score of chickens, content with his forty pesos a day, his meat and vegetable soup, and a sufficient supply of aguardiente.

His child had grown to be his daughter now. She had been a child when Harmon first came to En Palme, a child of thirteen, though in Colombia a girl of twelve, of the lower class, is often mated with a man.

Harmon daily stopped his horse or mule in front of the little shack, and talked to the child, who never failed to greet him with a nosegay, an orchid, a gardenia, a rose which grew in wild profusion in nature's garden back of the shack. Petronella looked upon him as a great man. Was he not the means of their slender living, the good man who gave them the "carne," the "legumbies" and the "chieha?"

Lately Harmon missed the girl. She was not leaning over the thin bamboo fence to greet him in her soft liquid Spanish. He missed the "Buaios dias, caballero," missed the brightness of her face, the beautiful midnight eyes, the warm coloring of her cheek, like the sun-kissed side of a ripening mango, the heavy, dusky blackness of her hair, which fell in clustering curls below her waist. He did not understand then.

One night when the loneliness was more

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ESTABLISHED 1885

epressing, more acute than ever, he sat one in his little livingroom, trying to beome interested in a book recently sent him om home. A house-boy entered and told im Antonio Veugochoae was in the patio nd wished to speak with him.

"Tell him to come in," said Harmon, glad the diversion.

The section-boss entered, followed by Peonelia, dressed entirely in white, her eyes fter than ever, her cheeks suffused with warm, rich red.

"Senor Harmon," began Antonio, "your e is a lonely one. I bring my only child you, to live with you, to keep your house. e wishes it, she desires to serve you. tronelia, the daughter of chiefs of the ibchas, humbles herself to her man, the an of her choice, the man who has been od to her, feeding her and her family. he man who smiled upon her, giving her od advice and never insulting her. I give r freely, senor, from tonight, and may u be happy together. Hasta manana, nor. I return to my casita."

Through this harangue Harmon sat with lf-closed eyes, torn by conflicting emons, keenly aware of the fresh young auty of the girl, of the savage dignity of e father, who uncivilized and through stom, offered his child to him to do as he uld with her innocence, her purity. His nd struggled with his body, his mind unseling, "No! No! it must not be! Remember the girl at home." His body aring, "Why not? Why should I refuse, y should I alone live as no other man es in this lonely country? Why refuse en it is the custom?"

"Hasta manana; good-night, senor," reated Antonio, and was gone out into the ht before Harmon could stop him, leav his child standing shyly in the corner the room, her eyes shining with the light a great happiness, her face covered with blushes of awakened young womanhood.

Harmon sat incapable of action, all had ppened so suddenly. Had his little endly acts been misinterpreted? It was rible.

he girl came to him timidly, whispering, "guerido, mi novio, mi maestro!" and ping down on the floor, laid her head inst his knee.

armon put out his hand and stroked the ky head absentmindedly.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet, every se in him now alert. "God! child, this is ful, it cannot, it must not be! Your her, call him, call him to come back take you home!"

he girl looked at him in innocent won . She did not understand. She had er seen this man so strangely excited ore. It could not be he did not want ? No; not that! Had not her little ss, a present from him, told her she was tty? Was he not as other men? Did not give herself to him to do as he uld with?

he sprang to her feet and threw her s around Harmon's neck, and drawing to her, kissed him passionately on his , his eyes, his hair. The woman was roughly awake; she wanted this gentle, sterful being whether he wished her or

either had heard the loud "Halloa!" the mule trail. Nor the clear convoice saying, "Halloa! People! Peo Halloa!" They were oblivious of ything for the moment, save themes; the girl on subjugating the man, he sidering how to repulse this pretty child, to send her back to her father without causing undue pain to her natural esty.

armon's face was white and drawn suffering, the girl clung to him, her glorious, supplicating in their intense e.

ow both heard in the patio the sound of lish voices, a man's and a girl's. Har could not believe his ears. Surely he that rich, low laugh, those sweet con o tones! Yes, he knew, for there in doorway stood the girl from home. So so fair, so beautiful, and behind her, watchful countenance, her father!

r minutes, hours they seemed to Har there was no sound but the whistling e muleteers out in the corral. After he could not remember with what ef he accomplished the conventional, and his visitors enter.

r. Harmon," began the president of the Road Company, "we will not trespass ment! See that we have fresh beasts, at we may continue until we find a r place to spend the night."

th a look of love and supplication at irl from home, Harmon picked up a rn, and followed by the older man, out to the corral.

e two women stood facing each other, in the little livingroom of the house e heart of the Andes, where the man both loved had suffered and triumphed loneliness.

Indian girl, her eyes flashing, stood y, one hand resting on the little table e center of the room, her glorious hair rippling down over her loose gown. Suddenly she burst into a n of weeping. Yes, she knew now beautiful woman, in the wonderful ord riding habit, this stranger from he seas, it was she that her man, her ond giant, loved; it is was this lily r whom he waited.

child's tears distressed the girl from and she began to doubt. This pure child before her; it could not be was anything between her and her

calm, dignified womanliness of the y awoke in Petronelia the remaining of her childish fancies, and gather r dress close about her, she rushed out of the house down the road to le shack, to her father, and told him t had occurred, and of the strangers d come so unexpectedly to En Palme. irl from home looked about her, saw nplicity of the room where Harmon ent so many wretched months, saw f-finished cigar on the ash-tray, the n the table by his chair, the book l recently sent him. She was care urning its leaves when her father rmon returned.

mules are ready, we will go on," father.

irl from home looked at Harmon, agony in his eyes, hesitated and hilip, speak, lay bare your heart to ere in the wilderness one can but truth."

ord Harmon was as if new life, had been given him. It was the he had given him his first name, and he felt she believed in him, and it gave him courage to commence.

"The more than two years, bitter years, in this out-of-the-world place, have been almost unbearable. The scene you witnessed tonight was none of my making. I sat reading and smoking, after dinner, when that poor child, Petronelia, and her father, came, and he in the grandiloquent manner of his country, gave me his child, a child whom I've known these two long years as a child, teaching her of our homeland, telling her stories of God's country, never dreaming of such a catastrophe as of tonight. You appeared when I was trying to find a way of ridding myself of her without wounding her sensitive nature. And now," continued Harmon, "I must add something so that you may know all." Turning to the girl from home he began. "God knows, I have suffered out here, but through it all there has been the belief in you, the knowledge that you were back there in God's country, and that I had a fighting chance for you; and I have lived on as happy as circumstances permitted, hoping for this day, a day when I might tell you, 'I love you.' Yes," turning to the girl's father, "I love her, have loved her since I first saw her, and when I had her letter saying she might come out with you on your inspection tour, I felt as if the moon, the stars, all the planets, were to be laid at my feet."

"And I love you," returned the girl from home, "with a love as great as yours. Father, give us your blessing!"

The president of the road had discreetly left the room.

A month later the girl from home, her father and Harmon, began the long journey to the coast and home. Harmon, free of his contract, was to be manager of the New York office.

They passed the little shack on the home trail, with its bamboo fence, and there stood Petronelia, daughter of the chiefs of the Chibchas, in her dark beauty, with a large bunch of wild Andean orchids, gardenias and roses, which she shyly offered the city lady.

The girl from home reached down from her saddle, and taking the child's face between her hands, kissed her silently, and then motioned for Harmon to do likewise.

The child watched them as long as they were in sight, and then went thoughtfully into the shack. She fought it out alone. Yes, she would be the woman of Carlito, Carlito the "tippli" player, the mother of his children, and forget Harmon, the big blond caballero, from the wonderful lands over the sea.

His Long Wait.

"Alas and alack!" sighed the romantic Mrs. Oldwed, as she perused the last line of "The Pretty Dimple." The days of chivalry are surely gone! In this lovely book, George, the hero falls in love with the heroine at first sight, and then waits 10 years for her."

"What of it?" pooh-poohed George. "Can't I say more? Can't I say I waited 20 years for you?"

"Twenty years!" answered Mrs. Oldwed. "Why, we've been married 21, and I accepted you straight off!"

"I know," retorted George, "but I've waited about three years for you to get your gloves on, about four years for you to change your hat, about five years while you said just one last word to the cook. I've waited upstairs, I've waited downstairs, I've waited at the theater, I've waited in cabs, omnibuses, taxis, motor cars, I've waited so long and regularly that, between you and me, that hero of yours strikes me as a miserable, impatient little rotter!"

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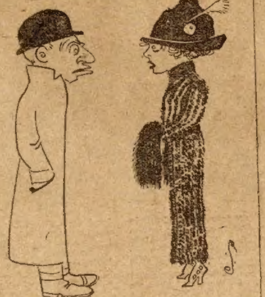
Curiosities in Invention.

Perpetual motion is the subject of many patents, as are devices for waking sleeping persons, says Mrs. C. R. Miller in Leslie's. One of these is arranged in such a way that if the sleeper does not get up a few minutes after being aroused a portion of the bottom of the bed drops out and throws him into an uncomfortable position, making sleep impossible. Devices for saving people from premature burial are numerous and in one of these, by means of a cord, the prematurely buried person may raise a red flag over his grave, and in another he touches a spring which lights a light, and still another may ring a bell for help or climb a ladder which reaches to the coffin. A curious patent is an instrument for "extracting skippers from cheese." This is accomplished by exhausting the air and causing the skippers to drop dead and fall into a pan under the cheese. One man secured a patent for growing sweet potatoes, and another has patented a recipe for hash, while another makes rain by sending dynamite kites into the clouds. The needs of the farmer are not overlooked and there are various devices to prevent hens from setting, one of which is a hood which keeps her from looking up to a nest.

Family Failing.



Wife—My grandfather fought with Washington.

Hubby—That's nothin'; if George was here now you'd fight with him.

Pleasure First Always.

My dear young father, you are justly proud of your baby, who is absolutely the last word in babies really. But are you going to let your wife make a slave of herself for that infant, or are you and she going to have the same kind of a good time that you had before it came?

You'll soon find out that a wife who spends her evenings crooning her little one to sleep is not a source of entertainment to a husband who has become habituated to theater-going or bridge parties.

What is a baby, anyway? It is a small thing, the young of the human kind, that suddenly comes to your house, and, if you are not careful, upsets the entire household.

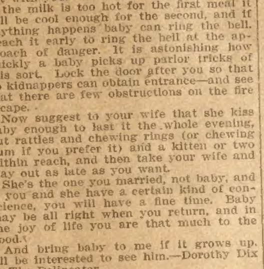
But if you are bent on having a good time you can make your wife relegate baby to the care of itself. Let her strap baby in its crib and leave a three-quart bottle of milk within reach of his grasping fingers. Then put a handbell in the crib—this is supposing you have no nursemaid—and go out with your wife and a quiet conscience. If the milk is too hot for the first meal it will be cool enough for the second, and if anything happens baby can ring the bell. Teach it early to ring the bell at the approach of danger. It is astonishing how quickly a baby picks up parlor tricks of this sort. Lock the door after you so that no kidnappers can obtain entrance—and see that there are few obstructions on the fire escape.

Now suggest to your wife that she kiss baby enough to last it the whole evening, put rattles and chewing rings (or chewing gum if you prefer it) and a kitten or two within reach, and then take your wife and stay out as late as you want.

She's the one you married, not baby, and if you and she have a certain kind of conscience, you will have a fine time. Baby may be all right when you return, and in the joy of life you are that much to the good.

And bring baby to me if it grows up. I'll be interested to see him.—Dorothy Dix in The Delineator.

Doubtful.



He (after trying her cooking)—"Are you sure, dear, that there are no typographical errors in your cookbook?"

Unassuming Spies.

After the death in Chicago of an aged accountant, whose intimate friends did not know that he had seen service in the Civil War, it became known that he had on several occasions risked his life to act as a spy for General Sherman, says the New York Tribune. A parallel case was that of the woman who died in this city two weeks ago, a kinswoman of one of New York's leading citizens, who was a spy for the Confederate government. In speaking of her a friend said: "A number of young people were enjoying the fun of a fancy dress party one evening when a tall 'fortune teller' made the rounds of the ballroom, addressing many people by name. When the masks were removed the fortune teller, could not be found, and not until after the war did we know that it was Miss R., who, had she been recognized, would have been hanged. Nobody would have recognized in the old lady who died the other day the dashing spy of the '60s."

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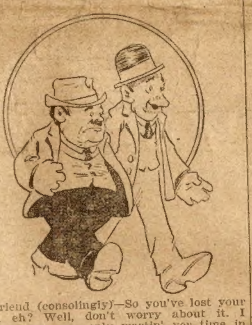

Friend (consolingly)—So you've lost your job, eh? Well, don't worry about it. I reckon you was only wastin' yer time in a place like that.

Young Bill (sadly)—Yes, that's what the boss told me when 'e fired me.

Discretion Beat Valor.

This is the story of the one time that Gerald Egan of Washington, society man and all-around athlete, refused to fight.

It happened in the lobby of a small hotel in a West Virginia town in the dead of night. Egan was talking to the hotel clerk when a stranger, 6 feet tall and built on the lines of Samson, lounged in and carefully looked him over. Egan paid no attention to him.

After a few minutes the stranger walked to the main door, sprang up and caught hold of the beam over the door and drew himself up three times, each time making his chin go up to the level of the beam. It was the athletic stunt known among boys as "chinning the pole."

Having completed his exercise, the West Virginia giant walked up to Egan and said: "Pay me."

"Pay you for what?" asked Egan.

"Why," said the stranger in great indignation, "didn't you just bet me $5 that I couldn't chin myself?"

"I never said a word to you in my life," contradicted Egan.

The stranger, now thoroughly incensed, turned to the hotel clerk.

"Jack," he demanded, "didn't this guy just bet me five that I couldn't chin myself three times?"

"I don't remember what was said," was the diplomatic clerk's contribution to the argument.

Egan started out of the hotel, but the big man sprang in front of him and closed the door.

"No, you don't!" he snarled viciously. "You pay me or you don't get out of here."

"But I never bet you anything," protested Egan.

"Don't crawl!" warned the stranger. "Pay up. I'm going to cash this bet or bust. I ain't going to be an easy mark all my life."

Egan paid.

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